

**IDW**  
#1

THE

**TRANS**



**FORMERS**

**PRIMACY**

**METZEN  
DILLE**

**RAMONDELLI**





It was the early days  
of war for Cybertron...

# THE TRANSFORMERS FORMERS PRIMACY

## PRIMACY #1

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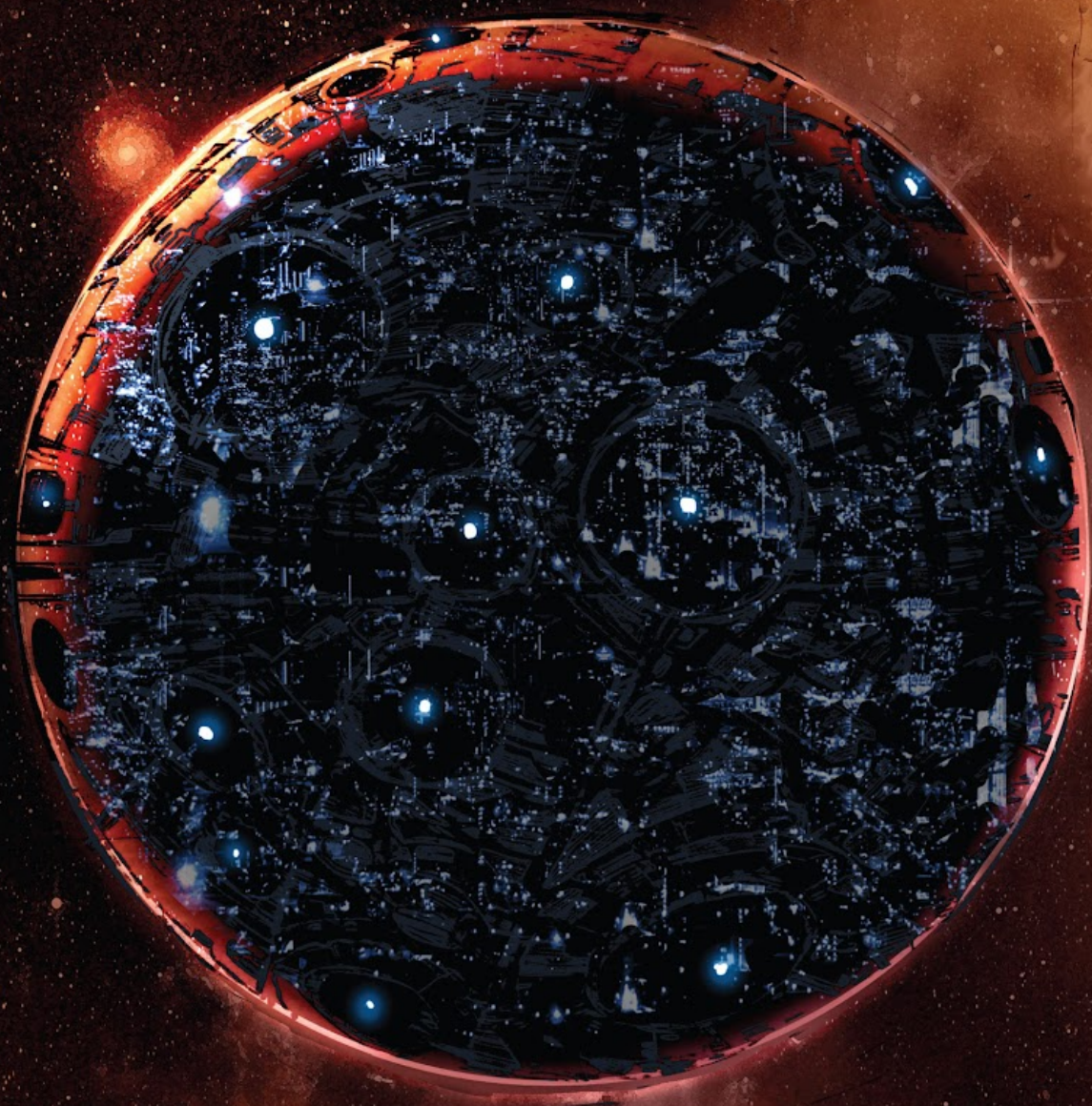
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# CYBERTRON.

THERE WAS AN *EXODUS*.

AND A *CATASTROPHE*.



THE RAMPAGE OF A COLOSSAL,  
PRIMORDIAL *HORROR*.

THERE WAS A MOMENT WHERE THE  
MOST DANGEROUS CYBERTRONIAN  
ALIVE... *SAVED THE WORLD*.

NOW ALL IS *QUIET*.

BUT THE *PEACE*...  
CANNOT LAST.



## RODION. MACCADDAM'S OIL HOUSE.

...THE  
**CONCLAVE OF  
REPRESENTATIVES'**  
REPORT ON THE  
CRISIS IN **HARMONEX**  
IS HERE.

THE REPORT  
CLAIMS THAT  
THE **PRIME** AND HIS  
**AUTOBOTS** DEFEATED  
THE CREATURE NAMED  
**TRYPTICON**... BUT WE  
STILL HAVE NO **DIRECT**  
**LINE** TO ANYONE IN  
HARMONEX.

SOME HAVE  
CLAIMED THAT  
THE **MEDIA** IS  
BEING **KEPT**  
AWAY FROM THE  
AREA...

IN  
OTHER NEWS,  
THE **CONCLAVE**  
HAS DENIED MEDIA  
REQUESTS TO REVEAL  
THE **TOTAL** NUMBER OF  
'BOTS WHO FLED  
CYBERTRON DURING  
THE RECENT  
**EXODUS**...

WELL, **HOT  
ROD**—YOU JUST  
GRADUATED FROM THE  
**AUTOBOT ACADEMY**.  
WHAT DO YOU MAKE OF ALL  
THIS? YOU **REALLY** THINK  
WE CAN TRUST THE  
**GOVERNMENT**?

I DON'T  
KNOW ABOUT  
THE **CONCLAVE**,  
OR WHATEVER. BUT  
I BELIEVE IN  
**OPTIMUS**. HE'S  
THE **REAL**  
**DEAL**.

I LEAVE IT TO  
**YOU**, VIEWERS—  
ARE WE LOOKING  
AT A **TOTAL**  
INFORMATIONAL  
**BLACKOUT**?

ARE WE  
BEING **LIED**  
TO?

IS **OPTIMUS'**  
BURGEONING  
ADMINISTRATION  
JUST AS **BAD**  
AS ALL THE  
**OTHERS**?

WHATEVER.

I DON'T KNOW.  
SOUNDS LIKE THEY  
**BRAINWASHED**  
YOU AT THAT  
ACADEMY.

CAN'T  
IMAGINE WHY  
YOU'D WANNA GO  
OFF AND **JOIN UP**  
WITH THOSE  
**CLOWNS**.

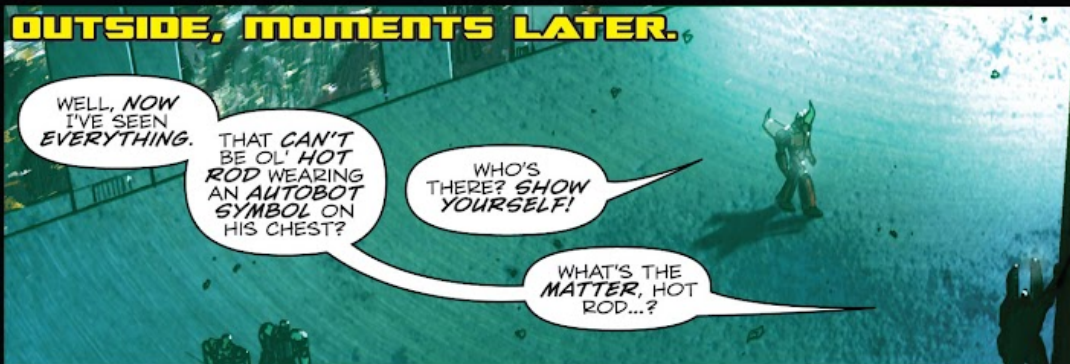
BETTER  
THAN THE  
**ALTERNATIVE**. THE  
**DECEPTICONS**  
JUST WANNA SEE  
EVERYTHING  
**BURN**.

WHAT  
DO YOU  
CARE?

I'VE SEEN  
**ENOUGH**  
**THINGS**  
**BURN**.



**OUTSIDE, MOMENTS LATER.**





# THE GRAY-HARAAN GLACIER. SOUTHERN POLAR REGION.

UNFORGIVING PLASMA STREAMS  
HAMMER AGAINST PRIMORDIAL  
GLACIERS OF *SOLID ORE* THAT HAVE  
STOOD FOR *FIFTY MILLION YEARS*.

THE WIND SHRIEKS AS IF  
ALIVE... *ELECTRIC*. VENGEFUL..

YOU SURE  
PICKED A  
HELL OF A  
VACATION  
SPOT.

WHEN YOU SAID  
YOU WERE TAKING  
A *SABBATICAL*, I  
PICTURED SOMEPLACE  
A LITTLE LESS...

REMOTE?

DANGEROUS.

I SWEAR,  
*PRIME*—YOU'RE  
THE ONLY 'BOT I  
KNOW THAT  
*REHABILITATES*  
AFTER A *BATTLE*  
BY PUSHIN'  
HIMSELF EVEN  
*HARDER*.

I FIND THE  
WILD, OPEN SPACES  
*PURIFYING*. TESTING  
MY LIMITS AGAINST  
*CYBERTRON ITSELF*....  
PUTS EVERYTHING INTO  
PERSPECTIVE.

OUT HERE,  
I'M NOT A  
*PRIME*. JUST...  
MYSELF.

THE ONLY  
BURDEN TO  
BEAR IS  
*SURVIVAL*.

WELL,  
DON'T YOU  
WORRY ABOUT  
*ME*, BOSS.

I CAN  
CARRY  
MY OWN  
WEIGHT.

KREEESH

OH,  
FRAG...

YOU  
WERE  
SAYING?

YEAH.  
YEAH.





THE  
SUMMIT  
AT LAST.

JUST LOOK AT  
THIS GRANDEUR,  
IRONHIDE. I'D TAKE  
THIS MAJESTY  
OVER THE CONSTANT  
BUSTLE OF IACON  
ANY DAY.

I  
DUNNO.

YA SEEN  
ONE POLAR  
WASTELAND,  
YA SEEN 'EM  
ALL...

THERE'S  
PURITY IN THIS  
DESOLATION. THINK  
ABOUT IT—NO 'BOT  
HAS SET FOOT ON  
THIS GROUND FOR  
MILLIONS OF  
YEARS.



I'M NOT  
SO SURE  
ABOUT THAT,  
BOSS.

I'M DETECTING  
SOMETHING OUT ON  
THE HORIZON LINE.  
THE LINES ARE ALL  
WRONG FOR GLACIAL  
FEATURES.

IT'S  
BIG.

COULD BE AN OLD  
OBSERVATION POST.  
MAYBE A RESEARCH  
FACILITY?



WHATEVER  
IT IS, IT'S GIVING  
OFF A SERIOUS  
ENERGON  
SIGNATURE.

WE'RE NOT  
ALONE OUT  
HERE,  
OPTIMUS.



LET'S CHECK  
IT OUT. BUT  
STAY ALERT.

ANYONE  
DESPERATE  
ENOUGH TO SEEK  
THIS KIND OF  
ISOLATION COULD  
BE CAPABLE OF  
ANYTHING.

YEAH...



...JUST  
LIKE US.



I  
HEARD  
THAT.



**METROPLEX, IACON CITY CENTER.**



WHAT'S THE STATUS IN THE MED-BAY, KUP? THIS... **EXPERIMENT** SHOULD HAVE BEEN **WRAPPED UP** HOURS AGO.

IT'S A COMPLEX PROCEDURE, **MAGNUS**. HAVE SOME **PATIENCE**.

**RATCHET** AND **WHEELJACK** ARE DOING EVERYTHING THEY **CAN** IN THERE.

I **KNOW**. IT'S JUST THIS WHOLE **BUSINESS** MAKES ME... **UNEASY**.

WHAT **BUSINESS**? WHAT'D I **MISS**?

'BOUT TIME YOU SHOWED UP, **HOT ROD**... ISN'T **PUNCTUALITY** ONE OF THE FIRST THINGS THEY TEACH YOU AT THE **ACADEMY**?

SORRY. GOT **HELD UP**.

AT ANY RATE, THE SCIENCE TEAM'S FLOODED THE CONTAINMENT CHAMBER WITH VAPORIZED IONIUM. IT'S THE FINAL STAGE OF THE **ENERGON-PURIFICATION** TREATMENT...

PURIFICATION... FOR **WHO**? CAN'T SEE **ANYTHING** IN THERE.

**GRIMLOCK**. HE'S THE LAST OF THE **DYNOBOTS** TO UNDERGO THE PROCESS.

RIGHT—TO BREAK THE CURSE OF THEIR **CORRUPTED ENERGON**!

WELL, HAS IT WORKED?

SO FAR, SO GOOD, LAD. BUT THEY'VE HAD THE MOST **TROUBLE** WITH **GRIMLOCK**.

THE **CORRUPTION** RAN **DEEP** WITHIN HIS **CIRCUITS**. IF THIS DOESN'T WORK...

THIS IS **RATCHET**. WE'RE PREPARING TO **VENT** THE CHAMBER.

EVERYONE KEEP YOUR **DIODES** **CROSSED**.





WELL, GRIMLOCK—HOW DO YOU FEEL?

GOOD AS NEW, AUTOBOT. BETTER EVEN.

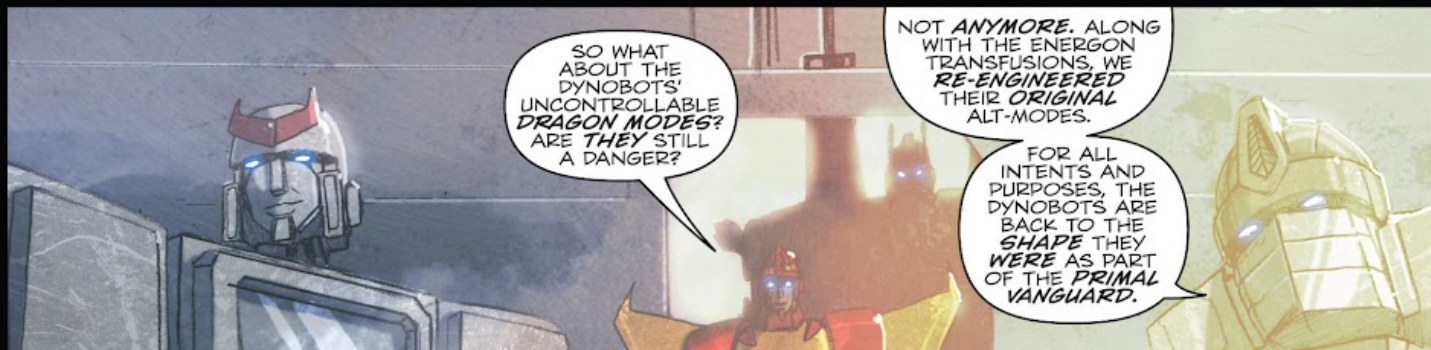
YOU'RE SURE? YOU'RE NOT EXPERIENCING ANY HEIGHTENED PULSE-SURGES OR AGGRESSIVE COMPULSIONS?

NOT YET. BUT THE DAY IS YOUNG.

HUMOR. THAT'S GOOD. YOUR VITALS LOOK STRONG. NO ANOMALIES IN YOUR ENERGEN PROFILE. I THINK WE DID IT.

HMM.

AND YOU'RE WELCOME.



SO WHAT ABOUT THE DYNOBOTS' UNCONTROLLABLE DRAGON MODES? ARE THEY STILL A DANGER?

NOT ANYMORE. ALONG WITH THE ENERGEN TRANSFUSIONS, WE RE-ENGINEERED THEIR ORIGINAL ALT-MODES.

FOR ALL INTENTS AND PURPOSES, THE DYNOBOTS ARE BACK TO THE SHAPE THEY WERE AS PART OF THE PRIMAL VANGUARD.



THAT'S FANTASTIC! CONGRATULATIONS, GRIMLOCK!

I'VE HEARD ALL THE STORIES ABOUT YOU GUYS AND I'M LOOKING FORWARD TO KICKING SOME DECEPTICON TAIL WITH YOU!

DON'T TALK TO ME LIKE YOU'RE A SOLDIER, BOY. FRESH OUT OF THE ACADEMY, RIGHT?

JUST BECAUSE WE WEAR THE SAME BADGE DOESN'T MEAN WE'RE THE SAME.



YOU GOTTA LOT TO PROVE BEFORE YOU EARN MY RESPECT... OR MY TRUST.



MEANWHILE, AMIDST THE RUINS OF HARMONEX.

GREAT  
TRYPTICON...







...YOU HAVE  
**SLEPT** LONG  
ENOUGH.

DOWN THROUGH  
THE **LONG AGES** OF  
THIS WORLD... YOU HAVE  
DREAMED **TERRIBLE**  
**DREAMS** OF  
**DESTRUCTION**.

OF  
**RUIN**.

THAT CYCLE  
HAS **COME**  
**'ROUND** ONCE  
AGAIN.



I SEE NOW  
MY **TRUE**  
**PURPOSE**.

AND  
**YOURS**.

IN HIS PRIDE,  
**SCORPONOK**  
SOUGHT TO UNLEASH  
YOUR **PRIMAL FURY**; HE  
BELIEVED YOU TO BE A  
**MINDLESS BEAST**—AND  
THAT THE UNBRIDLED  
CHAOS YOU WOULD  
WREAK WOULD CULL THE  
**WEAK** FROM THIS  
**WORLD**.\*

\*SEE TRANSFORMERS: MONSTROSITY.



ON **BOTH**  
**COUNTS**, HE WAS  
MISTAKEN. IT IS NOT  
**CHAOS** THAT WILL  
TRANSFORM THIS  
WORLD...

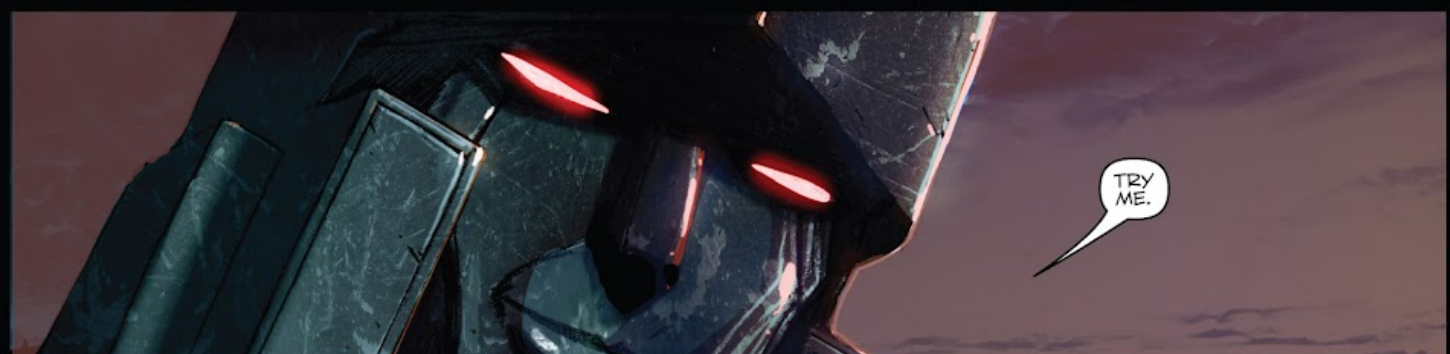
...BUT  
**CONTROL**.

NOW, AS THE  
**VILE SPARK**  
I PLACED WITHIN  
YOU STIRS TO LIFE,  
WE WILL **RISE**  
TOGETHER—AND  
BRING RUIN UPON  
ALL THOSE WHO  
OPPOSE US.

THIS  
DAY—THIS  
**WORLD**—SHALL  
BE OURS.

SO SWEARS  
**MEGATRON**.







## THE GRAY-HARAAN GLACIER.

KEEP UP  
THE *PACE*,  
IRONHIDE!  
WE'RE NEARLY  
THERE!

RIGHT  
BEHIND YA,  
AS *USUAL*,  
BOSS!

BUT I'M  
STARTIN' TO  
THINK MAYBE  
*THAT THING* AIN'T  
A *STRUCTURE*  
AFTER ALL.

WHAT ARE  
YOU... YOU'RE  
SUGGESTING IT'S A  
*CYBERTRONIAN*?

HEY, WE'VE MET  
OUR FAIR SHARE  
OF *HUGE 'BOTS*,  
RIGHT? I THINK  
I REMEMBER YOU  
RAISING SOME KINDA  
*SUPER-TITAN* FROM  
THE GROUND  
ONCE...

WELL,  
*WHATEVER* IT IS,  
IT HASN'T SO MUCH  
AS *TWITCHED* SINCE  
WE'VE BEEN HEADING  
TOWARD IT.

MAYBE IT'S  
*INERT*? SOME  
OL' HUNK OF *IRON*  
STANDIN' THERE, ALL  
*FROZEN-LIKE*.

I DON'T  
THINK SO,  
IRONHIDE.

LOOK AT ITS  
POSE... ITS *BODY*  
*LANGUAGE*.

IT'S  
*STANDING*  
*WATCH*.

OPTIMUS,  
TAKE A  
*CLOSER*  
*LOOK*.

DO YOU  
RECOGNIZE THE  
SHAPE OF THOSE  
*SHOULDER*  
*SECTIONS*?

THE *HEAVY*  
*PARTICLE*  
*CANNON* ON  
ITS ARM...?

I *RECOGNIZE*  
IT, IRONHIDE...







## THE RUINS OF HARMONEX.





"I SEE..."

"...I SEE YOU STRIDING  
ACROSS VAST FIELDS  
OF RESOLUTION..."

"...A LIFELESS,  
PRIMORDIAL  
LANDSCAPE..."



"...THERE WAS  
A... A WAR?"

"A BATTLE  
OF GODS?"

"IS THAT... IS THAT  
CYBERTRON?"



"WAIT! I... I SEE  
ANOTHER WORLD  
ADrift IN THE VOID..."

"...BROKEN..."

"...ITS PEOPLE, ITS DREAMS  
AND ASPIRATIONS  
SCATTERED ACROSS THE  
CELESTIAL WINDS..."

"... AND  
DEVILS."

"I SEE DEVILS THAT  
PREY UPON ENTIRE  
CIVILIZATIONS..."



"I SEE THE  
DEATH OF  
RACES."



"...AND THE BIRTH  
OF SAVAGE  
MONSTROSITIES."

"BUT... IT'S NOT  
JUST ONE WORLD. I  
SEE THOUSANDS  
OF WORLDS....  
ALL BURNING."

"OVER AND  
OVER."

"CYCLES WITHIN  
CYCLES..."







...ENOUGH!

I HAVE  
SEEN  
ENOUGH!

THERE IS NO SHAME  
IN *TURNING* FROM THESE  
VISIONS, MEGATRON. YOUR  
SPARK CANNOT PROCESS THE  
ENORMITY OF SUCH  
DEPTHLESS EVIL.

NOT YET,  
AT ANY  
RATE.



DO NOT  
SPEAK TO  
ME OF  
EVIL.

THE VISIONS...  
MERELY *CONFIRM*  
WHAT I'VE KNOWN  
*ALL ALONG*: IN THIS  
UNIVERSE—THERE  
EXIST THE *WEAK*  
AND THERE EXIST  
THE *STRONG*.

WHATEVER  
*MEMORIES* YOU  
HOLD—AND WHATEVER  
ELSE YOU MAY BE—YOU  
ARE CERTAINLY THE  
*LATTER*.

SERVE ME  
*WELL*,  
TRYPTICON.

RISE.



AS YOU  
WILL, LORD  
MEGATRON.

SHALL  
WE  
DEPART?

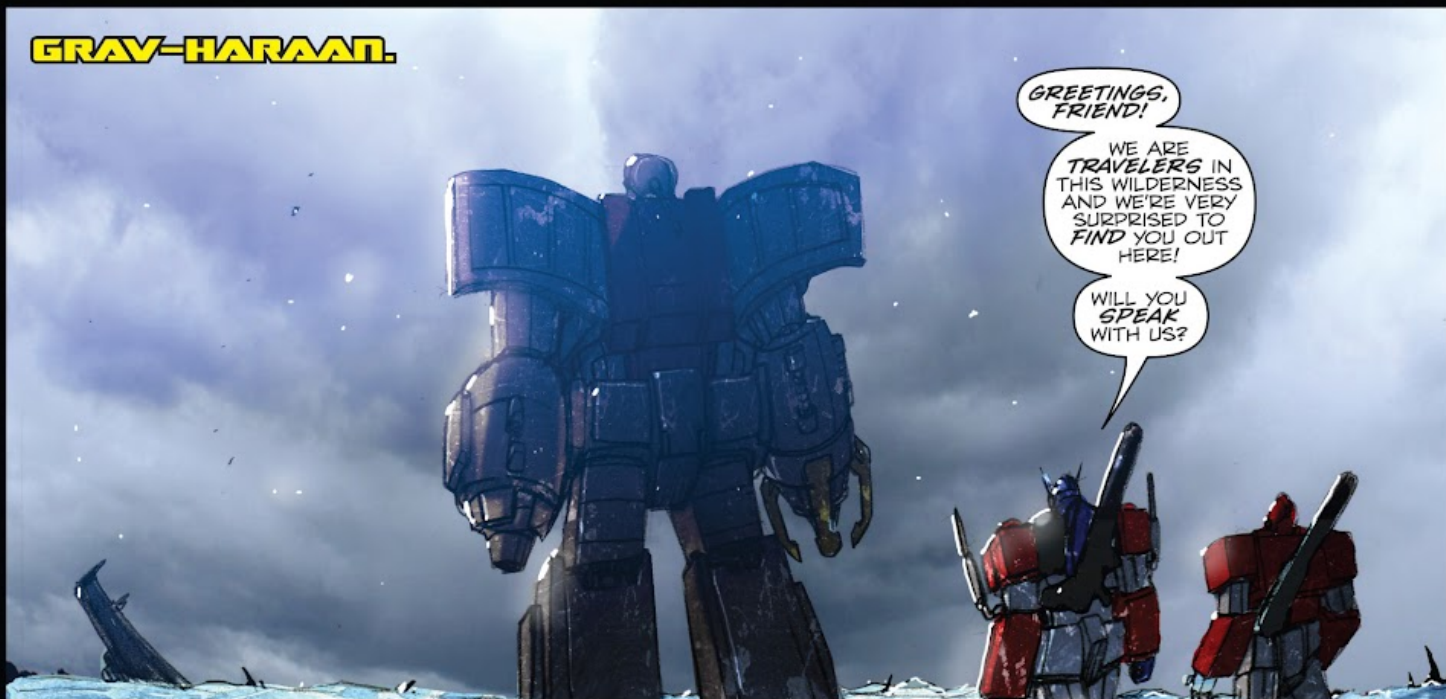
NOT  
QUITE  
YET.

THE  
*DECEPTICONS*  
ARE COMING.

RRRUMMMBLE



**GRAY-HARAAN.**



GREETINGS,  
FRIEND!

WE ARE  
**TRAVELERS** IN  
THIS WILDERNESS  
AND WE'RE VERY  
SURPRISED TO  
FIND YOU OUT  
HERE!

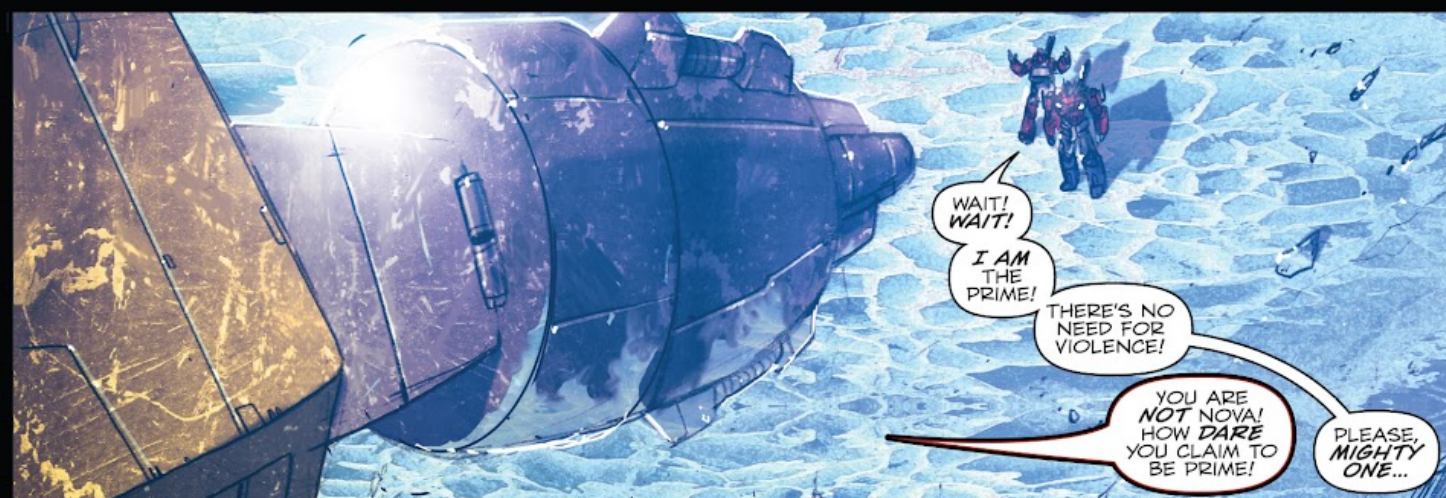
WILL YOU  
**SPEAK**  
WITH US?



OTHERS.  
AFTER ALL  
THESE LONG  
AGES...

YOU  
ARE NOT  
**MEANT** TO  
BE HERE!

I WAIT  
FOR THE  
**PRIME**—AND  
NONE MAY  
DISTURB MY  
WATCH!



WAIT!  
WAIT!

I AM  
THE  
**PRIME**!

THERE'S NO  
NEED FOR  
VIOLENCE!

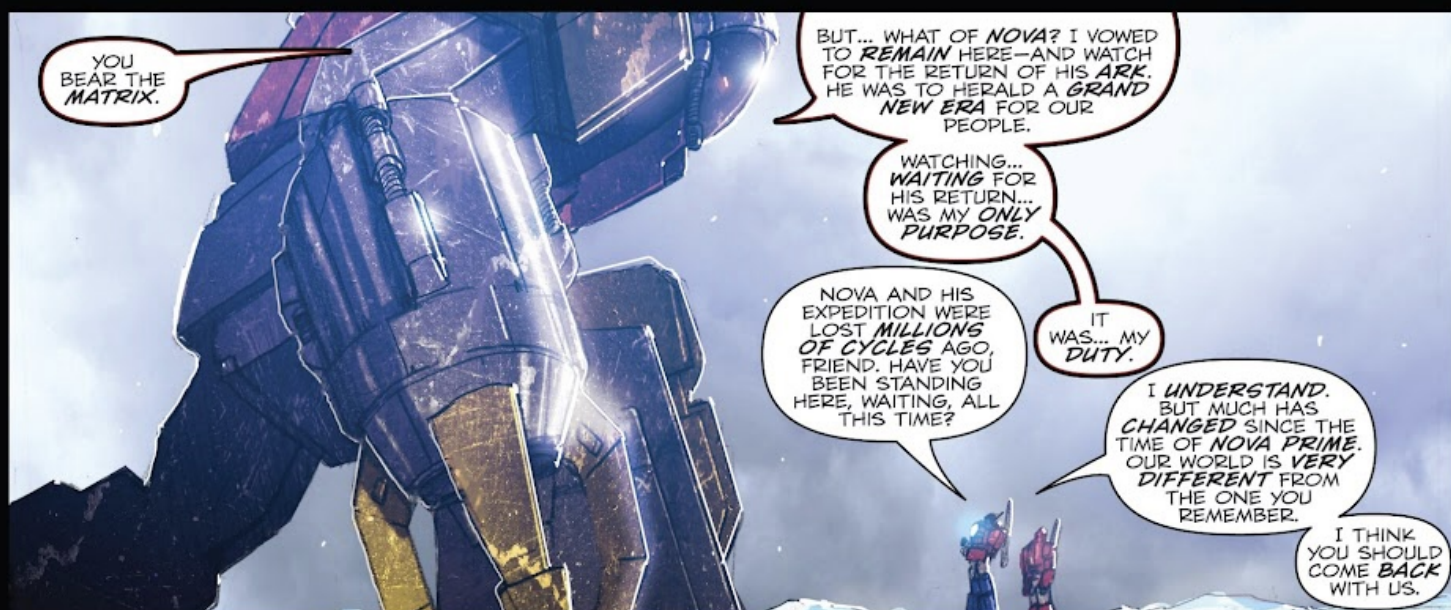
YOU ARE  
**NOT** NOVA!  
HOW **DARE**  
YOU CLAIM  
TO BE **PRIME**!

PLEASE,  
**MIGHTY**  
ONE...

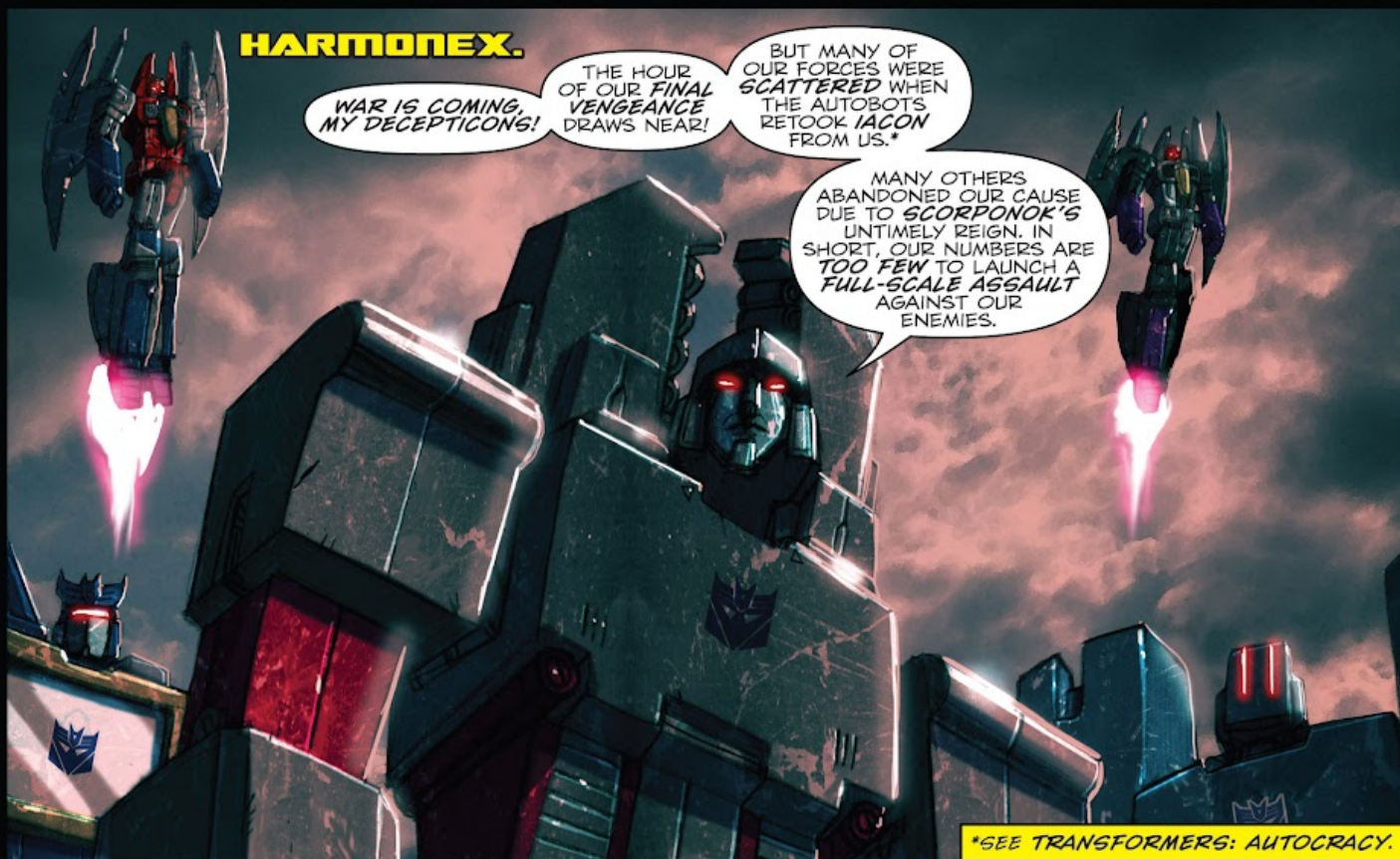


...LET ME  
**SHOW**  
YOU.









**HARMONEX.**

WAR IS COMING,  
MY DECEPTICONS!

THE HOUR  
OF OUR FINAL  
VENGEANCE  
DRAWS NEAR!

BUT MANY OF  
OUR FORCES WERE  
SCATTERED WHEN  
THE AUTOBOTS  
RETOOK IACON  
FROM US.\*

MANY OTHERS  
ABANDONED OUR CAUSE  
DUE TO SCORPONOK'S  
UNTIMELY REIGN. IN  
SHORT, OUR NUMBERS ARE  
TOO FEW TO LAUNCH A  
FULL-SCALE ASSAULT  
AGAINST OUR  
ENEMIES.

\*SEE TRANSFORMERS: AUTOCRACY.



SO NOW, WITH  
THE AID OF MIGHTY  
TRYPTICON, WE WILL  
DEPART CYBERTRON  
FOR A TIME.

WE WILL  
MUSTER OUR  
FORCES. GATHER  
OUR FULL  
STRENGTH.



AND BRING  
OUR LONG-LOST  
BRETHREN BACK  
INTO THE FOLD.



## ABOVE TORAXXIS.

GENTLEMEN,  
WE'LL REACH  
THE OUTSKIRTS  
OF **HARMONEX**  
IN A FEW  
MOMENTS.

ROGER THAT,  
**SKY LINX**.

MAGNUS  
WANTED A REPORT  
ON **TRYPTICON**'S  
CONDITION. PRESUMING  
THAT MONSTER'S STILL  
TAKING A **NAP**, WE  
SHOULD BE **IN**  
AND **OUT**.

ROGER  
THAT, **HOT**  
**ROD**.

THE NEW  
**MEGA-REFINERY**  
IS A REAL FEAT OF  
ENGINEERING.

IT CAN DRAW  
THE RAW **ENERGON**  
FROM THE CAVERNS  
BENEATH **TORAXXIS**  
AND PURIFY IT AT AN  
ACCELERATED RATE  
OF PRODUCTION.

THERE'S  
FINALLY ENOUGH  
POWER FOR  
**EVERYONE!**

YEAH.  
**RIGHT.**

EVERYONE  
THAT'S **LEFT**  
AFTER THE  
**EXODUS**, YOU  
MEAN.

WHAT IS IT  
WITH YOU TODAY,  
GRIMLOCK? YOU'RE  
EVEN **MOODIER**  
THAN USUAL.

YEAH,  
APART FROM  
**THAT**.

YOU MEAN  
**APART** FROM  
BEING PAIRED  
WITH **YOU** ON  
THIS OP?

I **DON'T**  
**LIKE** TORAXXIS,  
KID.

NOT EVEN  
JUST FLYIN' OVER  
IT. NOTHIN' BUT  
NIGHTMARES FOR  
ME HERE.

I... LOST MY  
**BEST FRIEND** DOWN  
IN THOSE **CAVERNS**.  
AND THAT DAMNED  
**ENERGON** TURNED ME  
INTO A FRAGGIN'  
**MONSTER**.

YOU LOOK  
DOWN THERE  
AND YOU SEE A  
**REFINERY**.

HOPE.

POWER.

I LOOK  
DOWN THERE  
AND SEE  
ONLY **HELL**.

BUT YOU  
DYNOBOTS ARE  
**BETTER** NOW.  
YOU'VE GOT A  
NEW **START!**

HOLDING ON TO  
ALL THAT **PAIN**  
AND **GUILT**'S JUST  
GONNA BURN YOU  
UP INSIDE.





WHO THE HELL DO YOU THINK YOU ARE, KID?!

YOU THINK YOU CAN ANALYZE ME? YOU DON'T KNOW FRAG ABOUT PAIN AND GUILT.

YOU THINK YOU'RE THE ONLY ONE WHO'S EVER GONE THROUGH **ROUGH TIMES**, GRIMLOCK?



GET OVER YOURSELF ALREADY!

DON'T PUSH ME, KID...

OR WHAT, YOU'LL FIND SOME NEW **CANNIBAL ALT-MODE** AND BITE MY HEAD OFF?



DON'T **NEED** AN ALT-MODE TO—

SORRY TO **INTERRUPT**, GENTLEMEN—WE'VE ARRIVED AT HARMONEX...

...BUT I THINK YOU SHOULD TAKE A LOOK OUTSIDE THE VIEWPORT.



SKY LINX, WHAT ARE YOU—

OH, PRIMUS.

WHAT?

TRYPTICON...



...IT'S GONE.



AT THAT MOMENT...





**IDW**  
#2

THE **TRANS**



**METZEN  
DILLE  
RAMONDELLI**

# **FARMERS** **PRIMACY**





# THE TRANSFORMERS<sup>™</sup> FORMERS<sup>™</sup> PRIMACY

In the early days of the war for Cybertron...  
**Optimus Prime** locates the long-lost sentinel,  
**Omega Supreme**... while **Megatron** seeks to  
reunite the remnants of his **Decepticon** army that  
was shattered under **Scorponok's** failed leadership...

## PRIMACY #2

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## MAGMARA NINE.

ALSO KNOWN AS THE *CAULDRON*.

ONCE A WORLD OF AFFLUENCE AND SHINING CITIES, IT'S NOW LITTLE MORE THAN A PATCHWORK OF *BROKEN HIGHWAYS* AND *LAWLESS OUTLANDS*.

THE PERFECT PLACE FOR AN *AMBUSH*.

THIS IS *STRONGBOX* ON EMERGENCY FREQUENCY *NINE-SEVEN-NINE!*

CONVOY, DO YOU READ? I GOT SEPARATED AND I CAN'T FIND YOU GUYS ON MY NAV-SYSTEM!

I'VE GOT *BANDITS* IN PURSUIT! I NEED IMMEDIATE *BACKUP*... DO YOU READ ME, CONVOY?

*ANYBODY*...?

OH, WE READ YA *LOUD* AND CLEAR, *FRIEND*...

YEAH, WE HEAR YA *SQUAWKIN'*, ALRIGHT.

WHO THE HELL IS *THIS*?

I THINK YOU KNOW THE *ANSWER* TO THAT...

IT'S JUST *YOU* AND *US* ALL ALONE OUT HERE...

...AND WE'RE *REALLY* LOOKING FORWARD TO MEETING YOU.

OH, FRAG.





LOOK, MY CONVOY WAS PAID TO BE OUT HERE! IF THIS IS YOUR TURF, I DIDN'T MEAN TO—

DON'T WORRY, FRIEND—WE'RE JUST AFTER YOUR CARGO. HAND IT OVER AND YOU CAN BE ON YOUR WAY.

THAT'S CRUEL, DRAGSTRIP. YOU KNOW US STUNTICONS NEVER LEAVE OUR MARKS ALIVE.

STU-STUNTICONS?!

OH, NO. WAIT... WAIT!



NICE GOING, DEAD END. NOW HE'S GONNA PANIC.

SO MUCH FOR DOING THIS THE EASY WAY...

YOU DON'T HAVE TO DO THIS!

I'M NOT CARRYING ANYTHING SPECIAL!

KEERUNCHH



WAS A CLASSIFIED HAUL—I WASN'T EVEN TOLD WHAT IT IS!

WELL, FRIEND, IT'S YER LUCKY DAY! WE'RE ABOUT TO FIND OUT TOGETHER!

FIRE THE GRAPPLE LINE! WE'RE GOIN' OVER!

CHAROOOM



NO NO NO!  
AAARRRCH!

YEEE-HAH!



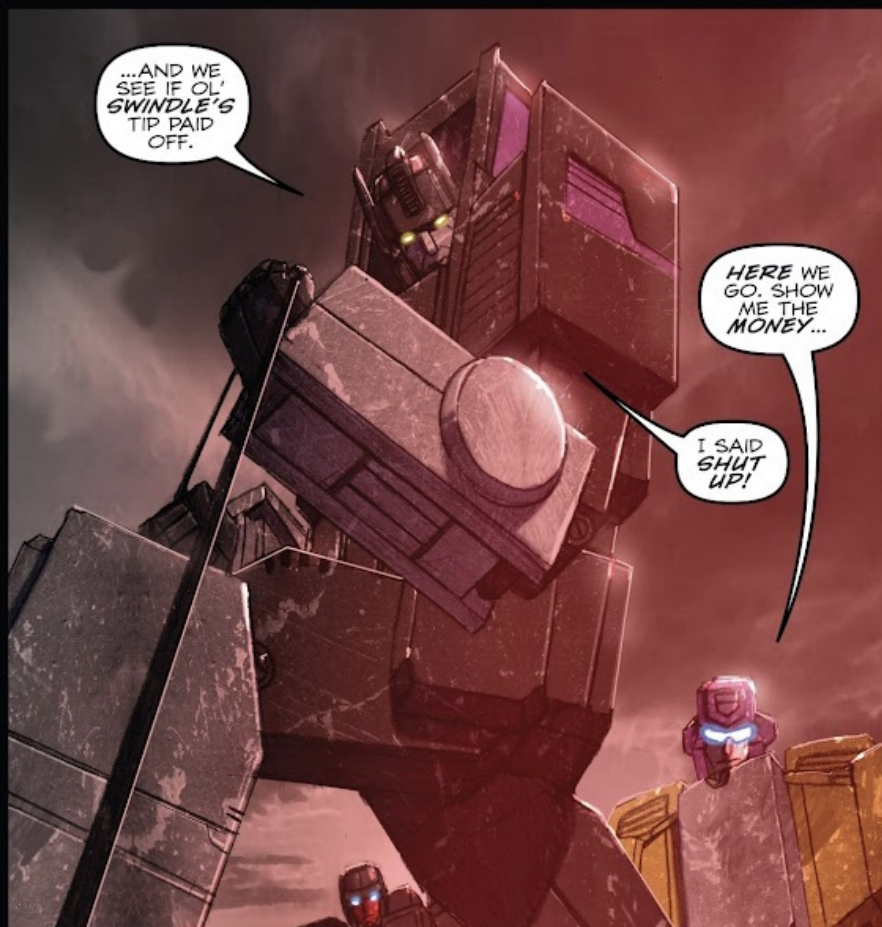


YOU'RE INSANE, **WILDRIDER**! YOU CUT IT WAY TOO CLOSE THAT TIME!

THANKS, **BREAKDOWN**! WAS PERFECT, WASN'T IT?

YEAH. WAS AWESOME.

EVERYONE **SHUT UP** WHILE I REEL THIS ONE IN...



...AND WE SEE IF OL' **SWINDLE**'S TIP PAID OFF.

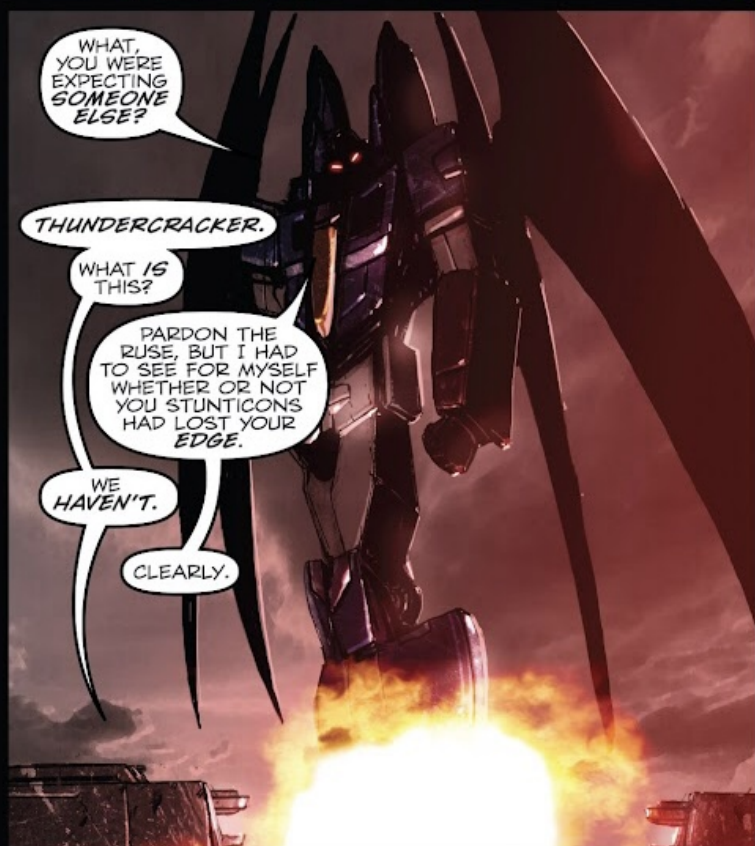
HERE WE GO. SHOW ME THE **MONEY**...

I SAID **SHUT UP**!



NOW, NOW, **MOTORMASTER**... WHY SO TENSE?

WHAT THE...?



WHAT, YOU WERE EXPECTING **SOMEONE ELSE**?

**THUNDERCRACKER**.

WHAT IS THIS?

PARDON THE RUDE, BUT I HAD TO SEE FOR MYSELF WHETHER OR NOT YOU STUNTICONS HAD LOST YOUR **EDGE**.

WE **HAVEN'T**.

CLEARLY.



WHAT'S IT TO YOU, ANYWAY? YOUR BOSS, **SCORPONOK**, DOESN'T HAVE ANYTHING BETTER TO DO THAN WASTE EVEN **MORE** OF OUR TIME?

INTERESTING. YOU HAVEN'T HEARD. **SCORPONOK'S OUT**.

**MEGATRON'S BACK**.

AND HE'S GOT A **HEIST** IN MIND YOU WON'T **BELIEVE**.

OH, YEAH? THIS OUGHT TO BE GOOD. JUST WHAT ARE WE **STEALIN'** THIS TIME?

**CYBERTRON**.



## CANIS TOR.

A LUSH, **SAVAGE** WORLD—TEEMING WITH VAST, COMPLEX ECOSYSTEMS AND BIOLOGICAL SPECIES OF EVERY KIND.

AT LEAST, IT **WAS** UNTIL RECENT MONTHS...

...WHEN FIVE **STRANGERS** ARRIVED IN A STARSHIP.

TO HUNT.

NOW, CANIS TOR IS A **LIFELESS GRAVEYARD**.

IT'S ONLY DENIZENS... **PREDATORS**.

GRRRAAAAGGGH

RRROOOOAAARGH

GIVE IT UP, **RAMPAGE!** YOU DON'T HAVE THE **STRENGTH** TO BEAT ME!

AIN'T TRYIN' TO WIN, **RAZORCLAW**. I JUST WANT TO MAKE YOU **BLEED**.

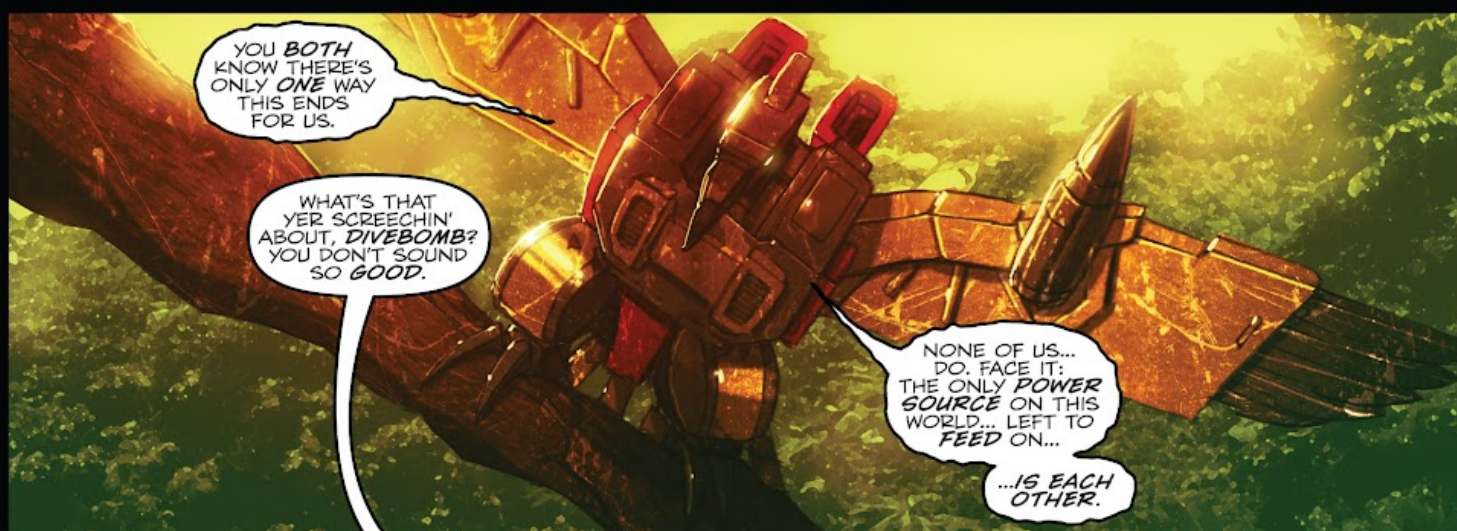
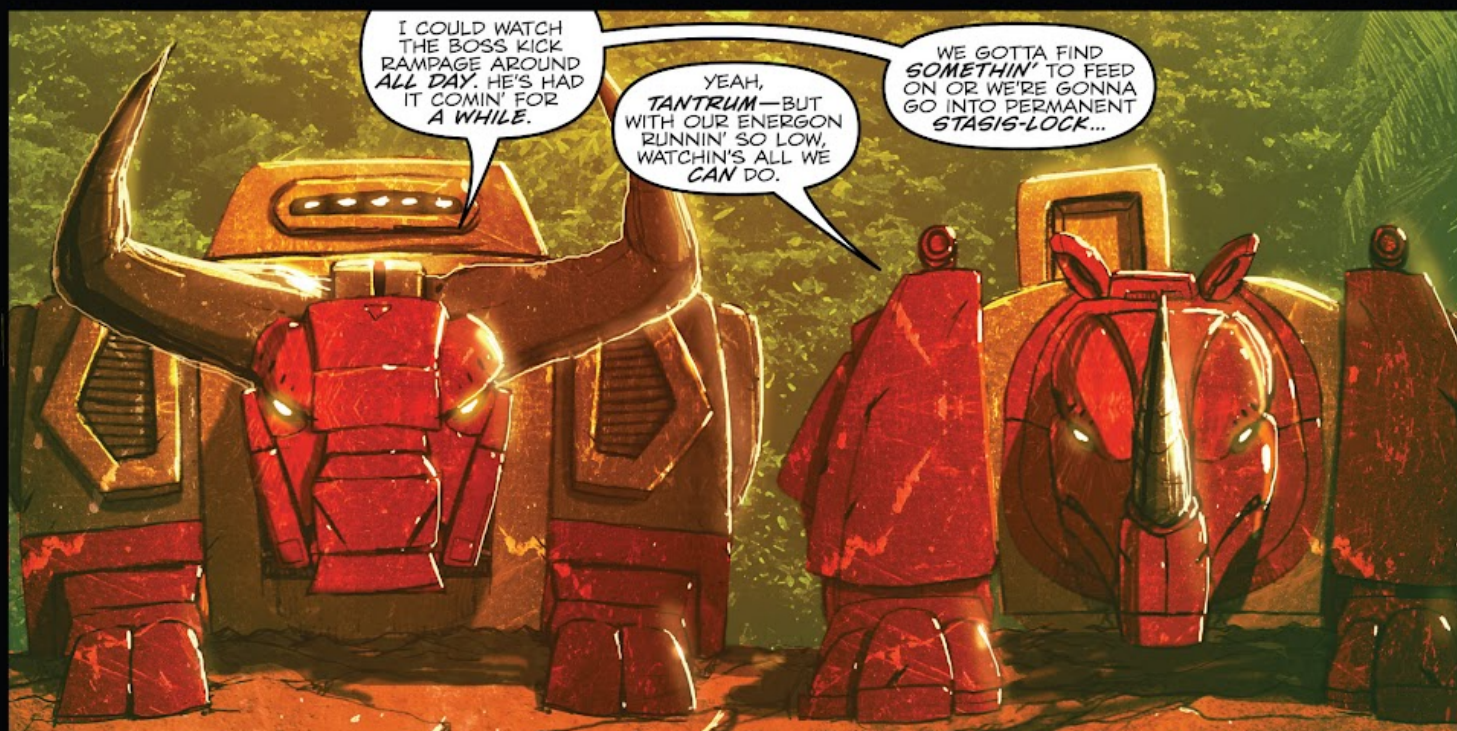
YOU **LED** US TO THIS! TRAPPED HERE ON THIS **DEAD** WORLD WITH NOTHING LEFT TO **FEED** ON! **THIS** IS YOUR LEADERSHIP?!

IT WASN'T DEAD WHEN I **BROUGHT** US HERE! YOU **INSATIABLE FOOLS** HUNTED THIS WORLD TO THE POINT OF EXTINCTION AND RUINED ANY CHANCE WE HAD OF FINDING A **TRANSPORT**!

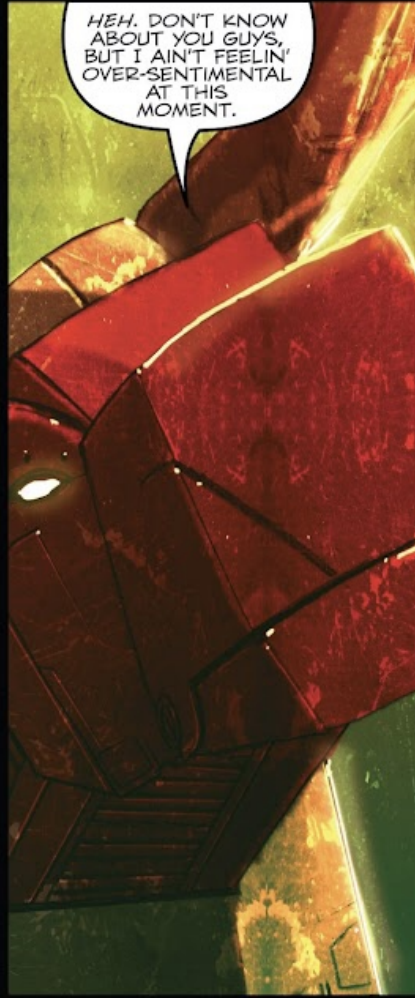
IT SHOULD BE **MY** FANGS AT **YOUR** THROAT!

GGRRRAAGH!







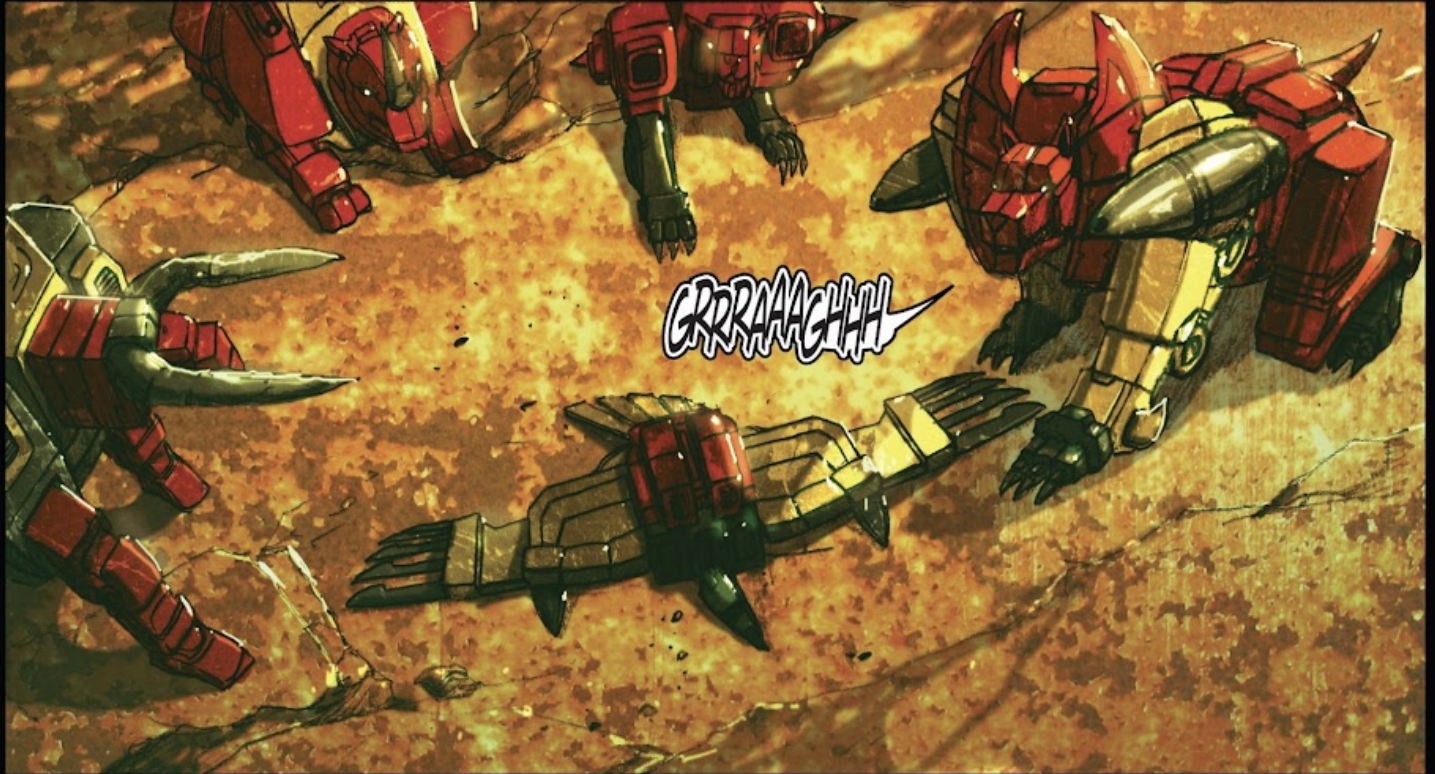


HEH. DON'T KNOW ABOUT YOU GUYS, BUT I AIN'T FEELIN' OVER-SENTIMENTAL AT THIS MOMENT.



NOR AM I.

THE VICTOR GO THE SPOILS.



CRRRAACHHH

BOOM

WAIT! YOU HEAR THAT? ATMOSPHERIC BOOM. HIGH ALTITUDE. THOSE ARE RE-ENTRY BOOSTERS!

A TRANSPORT?





ASTROTRAIN?!

PREDACONS!  
WE'VE FOUND  
YOU AT LAST...

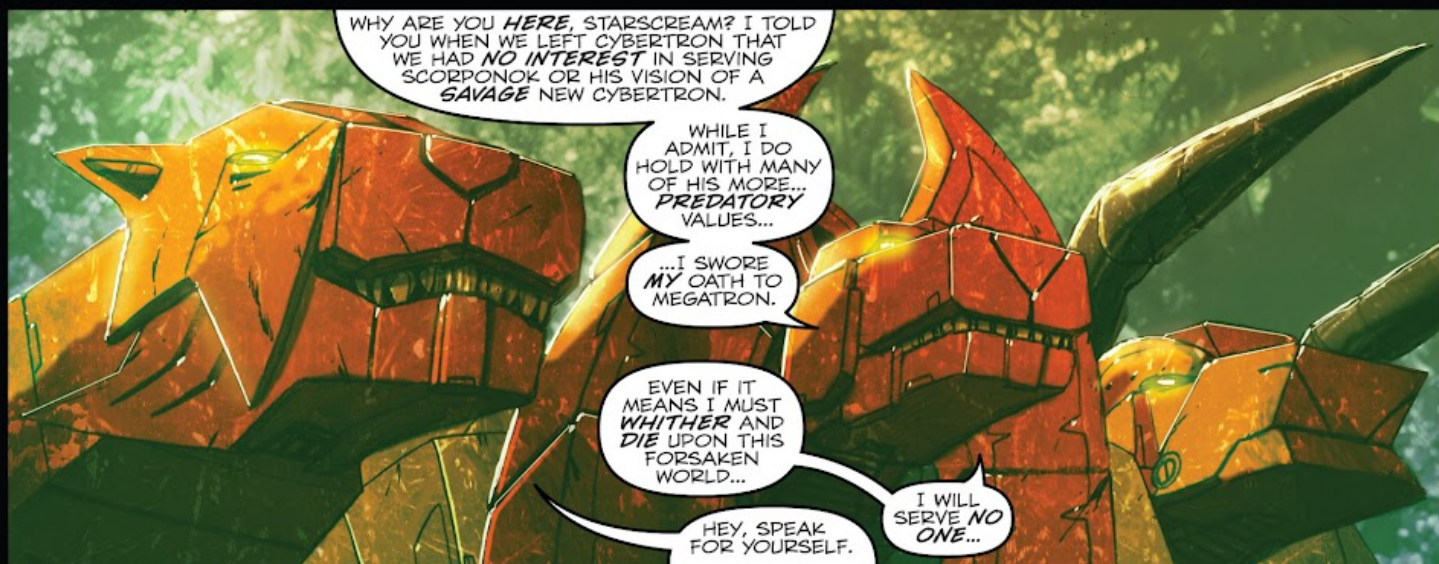


...AND NOT A  
MOMENT TOO  
SOON, IT  
SEEMS.

STARSCREAM.  
HOW DID YOU  
FIND US?

YOU  
PREDACONS  
AREN'T REALLY  
THAT HARD TO  
TRACK.

WE JUST  
FOLLOWED  
THE PATH OF  
**MURDERED**  
**WORLDS** YOU  
LEFT IN YOUR  
WAKE.



WHY ARE YOU **HERE**, STARSCREAM? I TOLD  
YOU WHEN WE LEFT CYBERTRON THAT  
WE HAD **NO INTEREST** IN SERVING  
SCORPONOK OR HIS VISION OF A  
**SAVAGE** NEW CYBERTRON.

WHILE I  
ADMIT, I DO  
HOLD WITH MANY  
OF HIS MORE...  
**PREDATORY**  
VALUES...

...I SWORE  
**MY OATH** TO  
MEGATRON.

EVEN IF IT  
MEANS I MUST  
**WHITHER** AND  
**DIE** UPON THIS  
FORSAKEN  
WORLD...

HEY, SPEAK  
FOR YOURSELF.

I WILL  
SERVE **NO**  
**ONE**...



**CHEE-CHU-CHON-  
CHURNG**

...BUT  
**HIM.**



THEN IT WILL  
PLEASE YOU TO  
HEAR THAT HE HAS  
*RETURNED.*

YOUR  
MASTER *CALLS.*  
RAZORCLAW. THE  
*HUNT* BEGINS  
ANEW.

ARE YOU *IN?*  
OR ARE YOU  
*OUT?*





# IACON. METROPLEX COMMAND CENTER.



AFTER SO LONG...  
OMEGA SUPREME, WE  
THOUGHT HIM LOST  
FOREVER.

I CAN  
SCARCELY  
BELIEVE HE'S  
RETURNED  
TO US.



HE'S REAL  
ENOUGH, *TRION*.  
BUT HE REMAINS  
SO *DISTANT*.  
BURDENED.

HE REFUSES TO  
LEAVE HIS POST  
WATCHING OVER MY  
QUARTERS. I HAD  
HOPED THAT BRINGING  
HIM BACK HERE  
WOULD...

WOULD *WHAT*?  
HELP HIM *ENGAGE*  
WITH *OTHERS* OF  
HIS KIND? HELP HIM  
BECOME A *HEROIC*  
*AUTOBOT*?

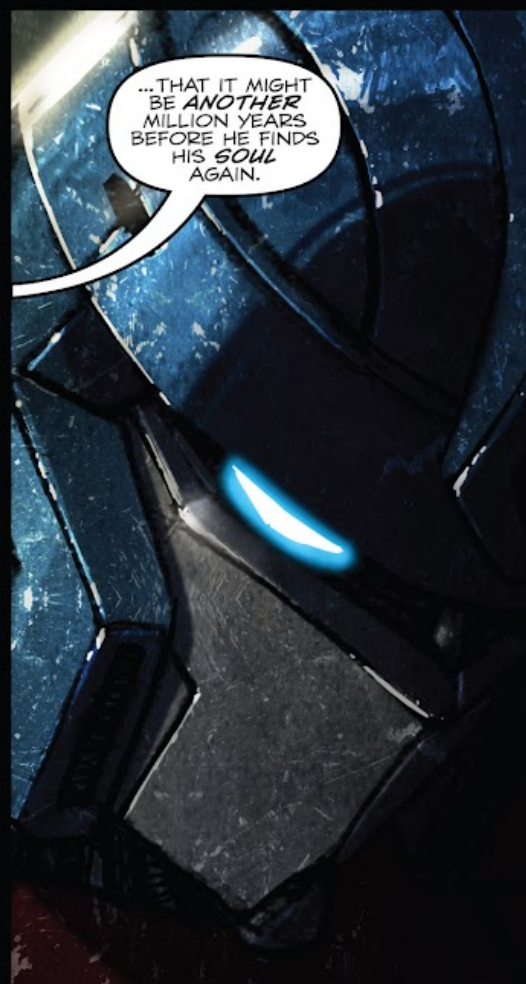
FACE IT—FOR  
THE TIME BEING,  
HIS *IDENTITY* LIES  
ONLY IN HIS  
*CHOSEN*  
*FUNCTION*.



HE STOOD  
WATCH FOR A  
MILLION YEARS,  
*OPTIMUS*—

—WAITING FOR A  
SIGN THAT WOULD  
*NEVER COME*. HE'LL  
HAVE TO ACCLIMATE  
TO THIS NEW WORLD  
IN HIS OWN TIME.

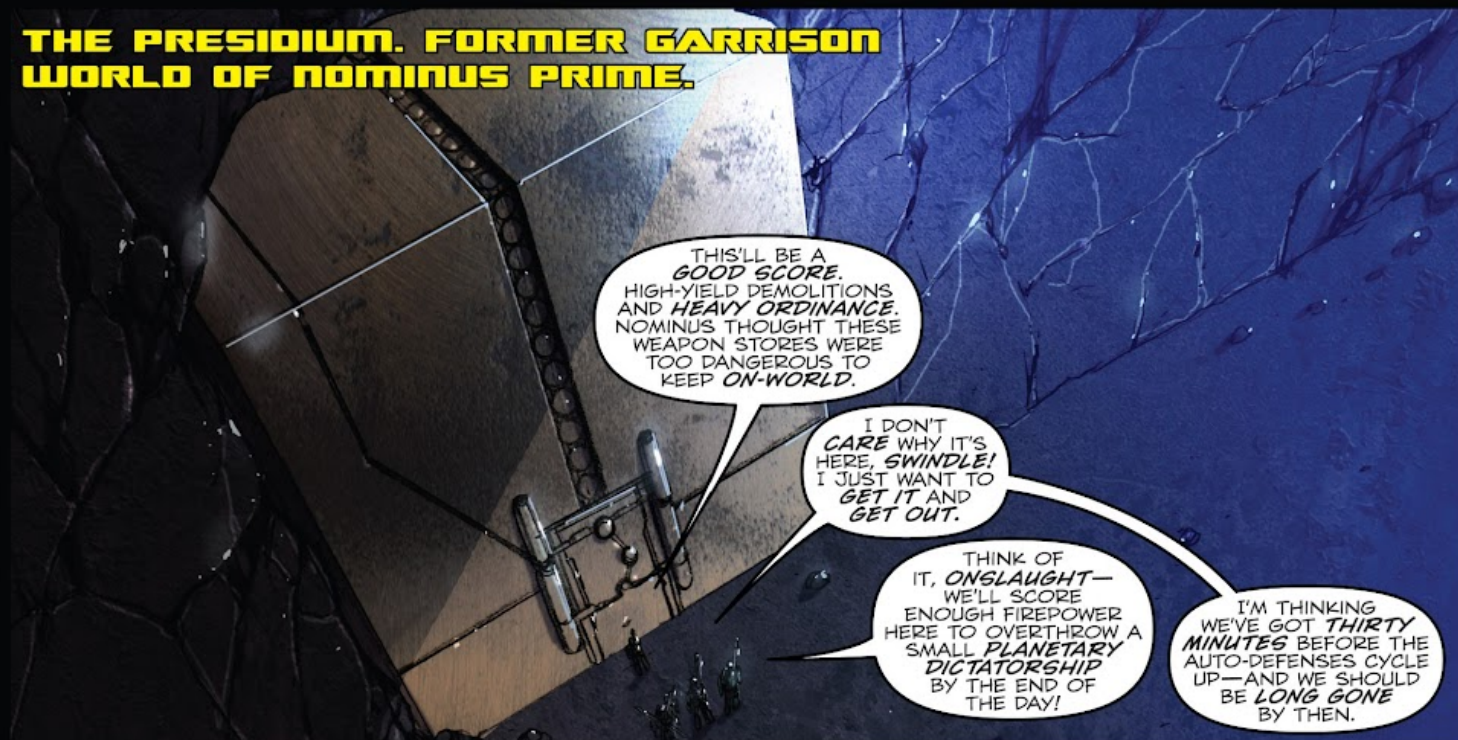
AND  
YOU MUST  
ACCEPT...



...THAT IT MIGHT  
BE *ANOTHER*  
MILLION YEARS  
BEFORE HE FINDS  
HIS *SOUL*  
AGAIN.



**THE PRESIDIUM. FORMER GARRISON  
WORLD OF NOMINUS PRIME.**



THIS'LL BE A **GOOD SCORE**.  
HIGH-YIELD DEMOLITIONS  
AND **HEAVY ORDINANCE**.  
NOMINUS THOUGHT THESE  
WEAPON STORES WERE  
TOO DANGEROUS TO  
KEEP **ON-WORLD**.

I DON'T  
**CARE** WHY IT'S  
HERE, **SWINDLE!**  
I JUST WANT TO  
**GET IT** AND  
**GET OUT**.

THINK OF  
IT, **ONSLAUGHT**—  
WE'LL SCORE  
ENOUGH FIREPOWER  
HERE TO OVERTHROW A  
SMALL **PLANETARY  
DICTATORSHIP**  
BY THE END OF  
THE DAY!

I'M THINKING  
WE'VE GOT **THIRTY  
MINUTES** BEFORE THE  
AUTO-DEFENSES CYCLE  
UP—AND WE SHOULD  
BE **LONG GONE**  
BY THEN.



WE PAID A HIGH PRICE  
FOR **NOMINUS'** OLD  
ACCESS CODES. TIME  
TO SEE IF THEY WERE  
WORTH IT. OPEN  
IT UP, **BLAST  
OFF**.

SOMETHIN'S  
**WRONG** HERE, BOSS.  
THE **PASSCODES**  
AREN'T WORKING.

YOU  
PLUGGIN'  
'EM IN  
RIGHT?

**OF COURSE  
I AM!** THE  
SYSTEM'S JUST...  
LOCKED.



SWINDLE...  
THIS WAS  
**YOUR INTEL.**  
**YOUR OP.**

THERE  
ANYTHING  
YOU WANT TO  
**TELL US...**



...BEFORE I  
BLOW A **HOLE**  
THROUGH YOUR  
**TEENY-TINY  
BRAIN-PAN?**

LOOK,  
BOSS—IT **AIN'T  
ME!** **AIN'T MY  
FAULT,** IT—



SECURITY  
OVERRIDE  
ACCEPTED.  
BLAST DOORS  
OPENING.

GREETINGS,  
**COMBATICONS!**  
I'M PLEASED TO  
SEE YOU'RE ALL  
AS **PUNCTUAL**  
AS EVER.

# KEEESHHH

NO NEED TO  
BLAME POOR SWINDLE.  
WE **ALLOWED** THE CODES  
TO FALL INTO HIS HANDS.  
HE DIDN'T KNOW WE WERE  
BEHIND THIS OP.

WE WANT  
THE WEAPONS,  
**STARSCREAM**. GOT  
NO QUARREL WITH  
**YOU**—UNLESS YOU'RE  
FOOL ENOUGH TO TRY  
'N' **MUSCLE** IN ON  
OUR SCORE.

I THINK YOU  
**MISUNDERSTAND**,  
ONSLAUGHT. IT'S  
TAKEN US A WHILE TO  
**CATCH UP** WITH  
YOU AND YOUR  
CREW...

REST ASSURED,  
THE **ONLY**  
WEAPONS WE'RE  
INTERESTED IN  
OBTAINING—ARE  
**YOU**.

YOU... WENT TO ALL THIS  
TROUBLE—BECAUSE  
YOU WANT US FOR  
A **JOB**?

THAT IS  
CORRECT.

THERE'S A  
**WAR** COMING. A  
RECKONING SO BIG  
AND SO DESTRUCTIVE...  
IT **HAS** TO HAVE YOU  
ON THE FRONT LINES.

A  
**RECKONING**,  
HUH?  
HOW  
MUCH'S IT  
**PAY**?

IF YOU'LL ALL  
**CLIMB** UP THIS  
RAMP AND BOARD  
**ASTROTRAIN**, WE  
CAN DISCUSS YOUR  
PAYMENT EN  
ROUTE.

EN  
ROUTE TO  
**WHERE**,  
EXACTLY?

**HOME**.  
WHERE ELSE?



**DEEP SPACE. TRYPTICON.**



SOUNDWAVE—  
HAVE THE  
SEEKERS  
RETURNED?

ARE MY  
FORCES  
ASSEMBLED?



NEARLY, LORD  
MEGATRON.  
EVERYTHING IS  
PROCEEDING AS  
PLANNED.

ONLY ONE  
WORLD  
REMAINS.

I HEAR  
QUESTIONING  
IN YOUR VOICE,  
SOUNDWAVE.

SPEAK YOUR  
FEAR.



THIS WORLD...  
IT IS *DEATH*.  
MADNESS.

ARE YOU  
CERTAIN, WE—

YOU HAVE ALWAYS  
SERVED ME *FAITHFULLY*.  
SOUNDWAVE, YOU ARE THE  
MOST *LOYAL* OF ALL  
MY SOLDIERS.

BUT YOU  
QUESTION MY  
JUDGMENT AT  
YOUR PERIL.

I AM NOT  
THE *MEGATRON*  
YOU KNEW.

AND I  
WILL *NOT*  
BE DENIED.

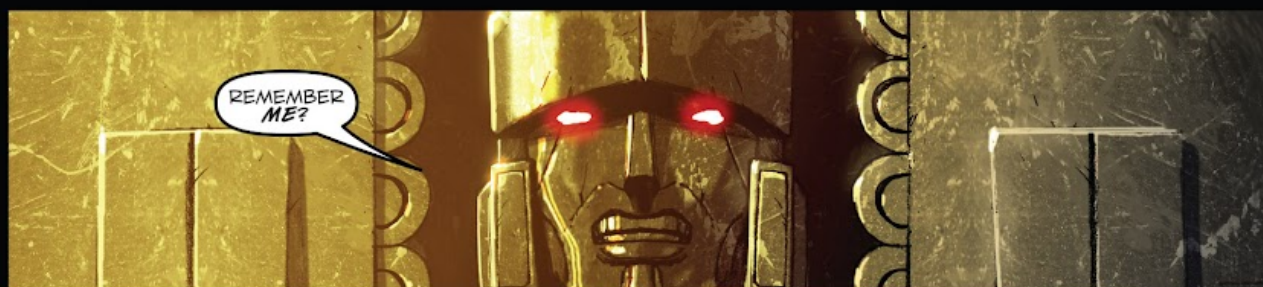
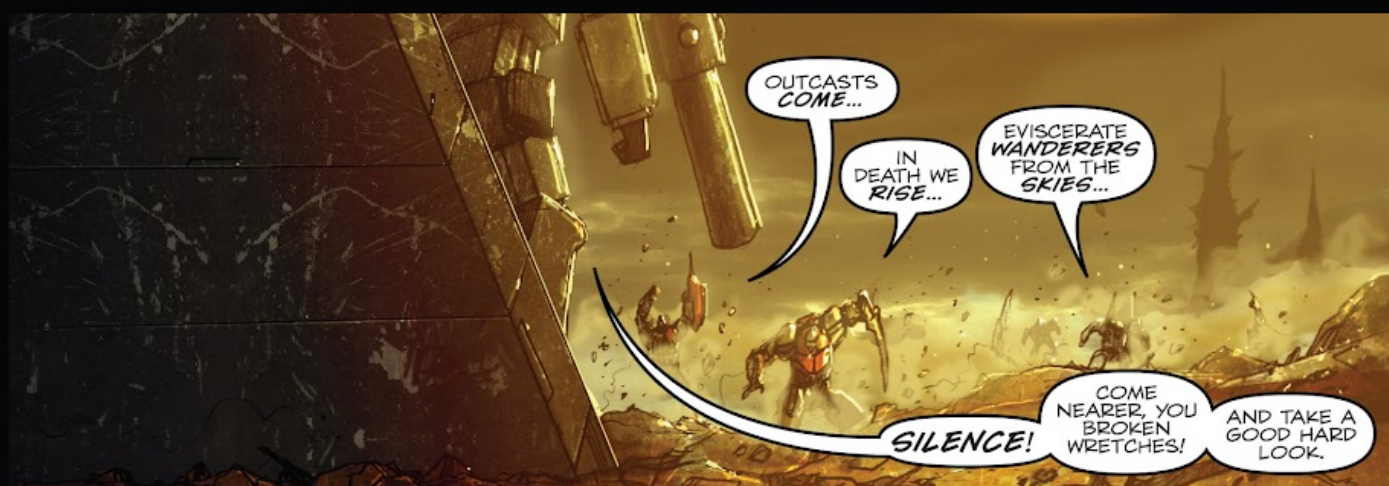


NOW...  
TAKE US  
DOWN.

AS YOU  
WILL, LORD  
MEGATRON.



THE DEATH-WORLD OF JUNKION.







PRECISELY.

NOW.

KNEEL  
BEFORE YOUR  
MASTER.

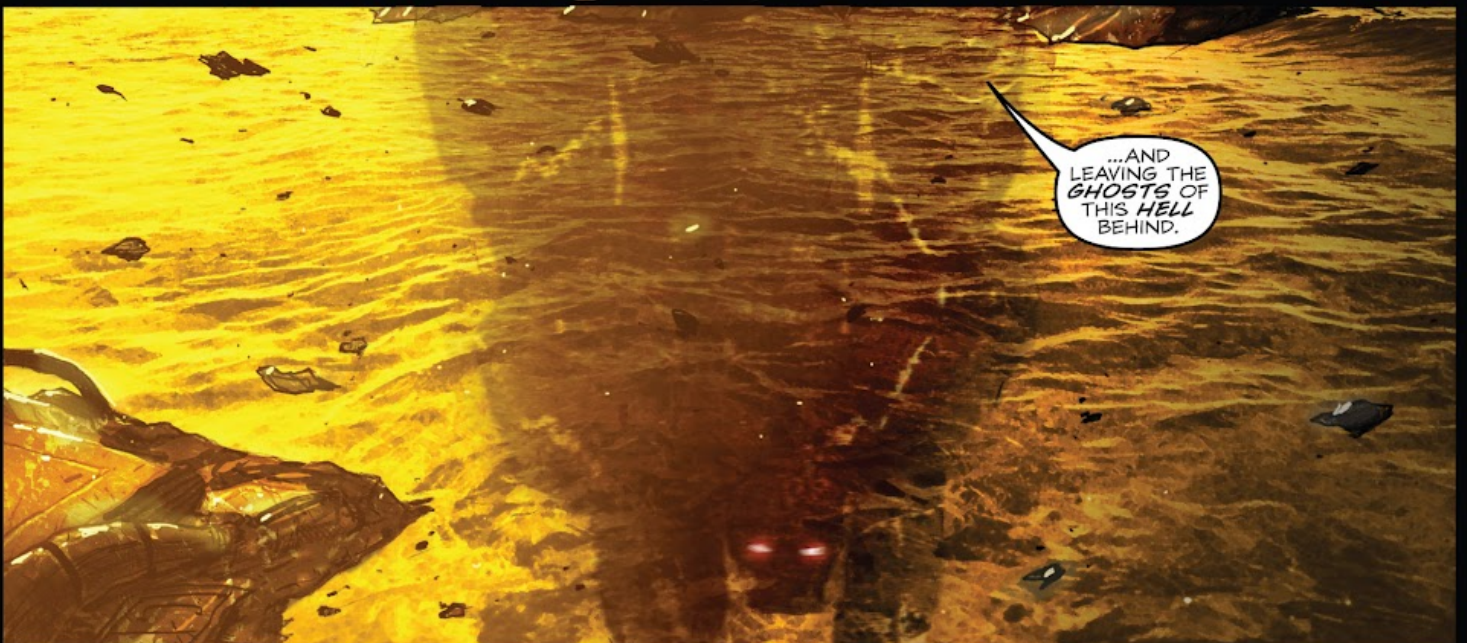
*KNEEL BEFORE  
MEGATRON!*



GATHER YOUR  
CLANS.

SCAVENGE  
YOUR PARTS AND  
INSTRUMENTS OF  
WAR. *MAKE YOUR  
WORLD-SHIP  
READY!*

YOU'RE  
COMING WITH  
US...



...AND  
LEAVING THE  
*GHOSTS* OF  
THIS HELL  
BEHIND.



**CYBERTRON. METROPLEX  
COMMAND CENTER. LATER.**

PRIME, WE  
HAVE AN  
**EMERGENCY!**

LONG-RANGE  
SCANS SHOW  
**SOMETHING**  
HEADING OUR WAY.  
**SOMETHING BIG.**

TRANSPORTS,  
**BUMBLEBEE?**  
OUR **PEOPLE**  
COMING HOME?

**UNLIKELY.**  
SIR, THEY'RE  
**RUNNING DARK**—NOT  
RESPONDING TO **HAILS**.  
HOLDING A **STRAIGHT**  
**LINE TRAJECTORY**  
THROUGH OUR ORBITAL  
DEFENSE NETS.

LOOK AT THAT  
**MASSIVE ENERGY**  
**SIGNATURE!** IT'S  
GOT TO BE—

**TRYPTICON.** IT  
SEEMS HE'S FOUND  
HIS WAY HOME,  
**BULKHEAD.** THIS HAS  
**MEGATRON** WRITTEN  
ALL OVER IT.

WHY DON'T WE  
JUST SHOOT IT  
**DOWN?**

THAT  
WOULD BE  
CATASTROPHIC,  
**HOT ROD.**

DETONATING  
SOMETHING **THAT**  
**BIG** IN **LOW ORBIT**  
RISKS RAINING DEBRIS  
ACROSS A **THIRD** OF  
THE PLANET.

NO DOUBT  
AN ASSESSMENT  
MEGATRON'S  
COUNTING ON.

THE  
QUESTION IS,  
WHAT IS HE  
**PLANNING?**  
WHAT'S HIS  
**TARGET?**

NO QUESTION  
ABOUT IT...

KNOWING HIM,  
GRIMLOCK—HE'LL  
DROP THAT MONSTER  
RIGHT ON TOP  
OF US.



**ABOVE.**



TRYPTICON,  
IT'S *TIME*.

GIVE MY  
REGARDS TO  
METROPLEX.



WITH  
*PLEASURE*,  
LORD  
MEGATRON.





THAT  
MONSTER'S  
DROPPING LIKE  
A STONE.

UNLESS WE  
SOMEHOW  
**SLOW IT DOWN,**  
IT'S IMPACT WILL  
LEVEL **IACON** AND  
EVERY **TORUS-**  
**STATE**  
SURROUNDING!

THERE'S  
NO TIME  
**LEFT,**  
THEN...



...TELETRAAN,  
INITIATE **GAMMA**  
DEFENSE  
PROTOCOLS!

AUTHORIZATION  
**PRIMUS**  
**SEVEN-ONE-**  
**SEVEN!**

AUTHORIZATION  
ACKNOWLEDGED,  
**OPTIMUS**  
**PRIME.**

CITY-CENTER  
ENERGON  
BATTERIES REROUTING  
TO PRIMARY  
**TITAN-CORE.**



AUTOBOTS,  
THIS IS  
**OPTIMUS**  
**PRIME!**

ABANDON THE  
FACILITY AND **EVACUATE**  
TO ADJACENT **BLAST**  
**BUNKERS!**



WE NEED YOUR  
**STRENGTH,**  
MIGHTY ONE...



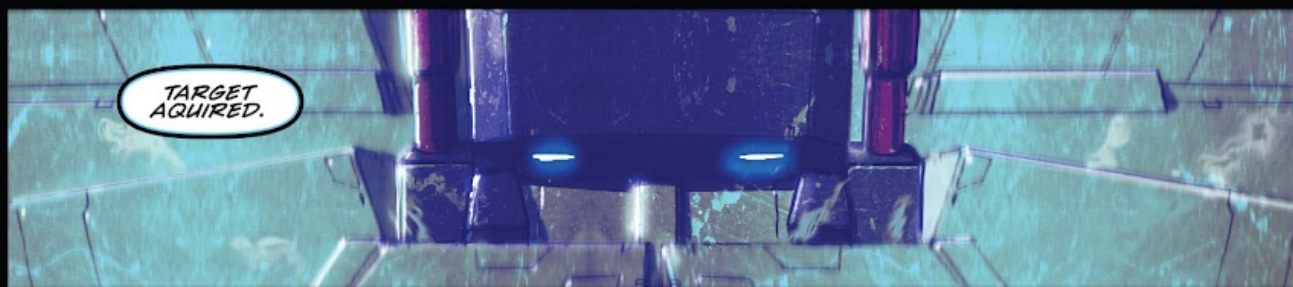
"...NOW MORE THAN EVER."

**WAAAR-**  
**CHEEEENG**





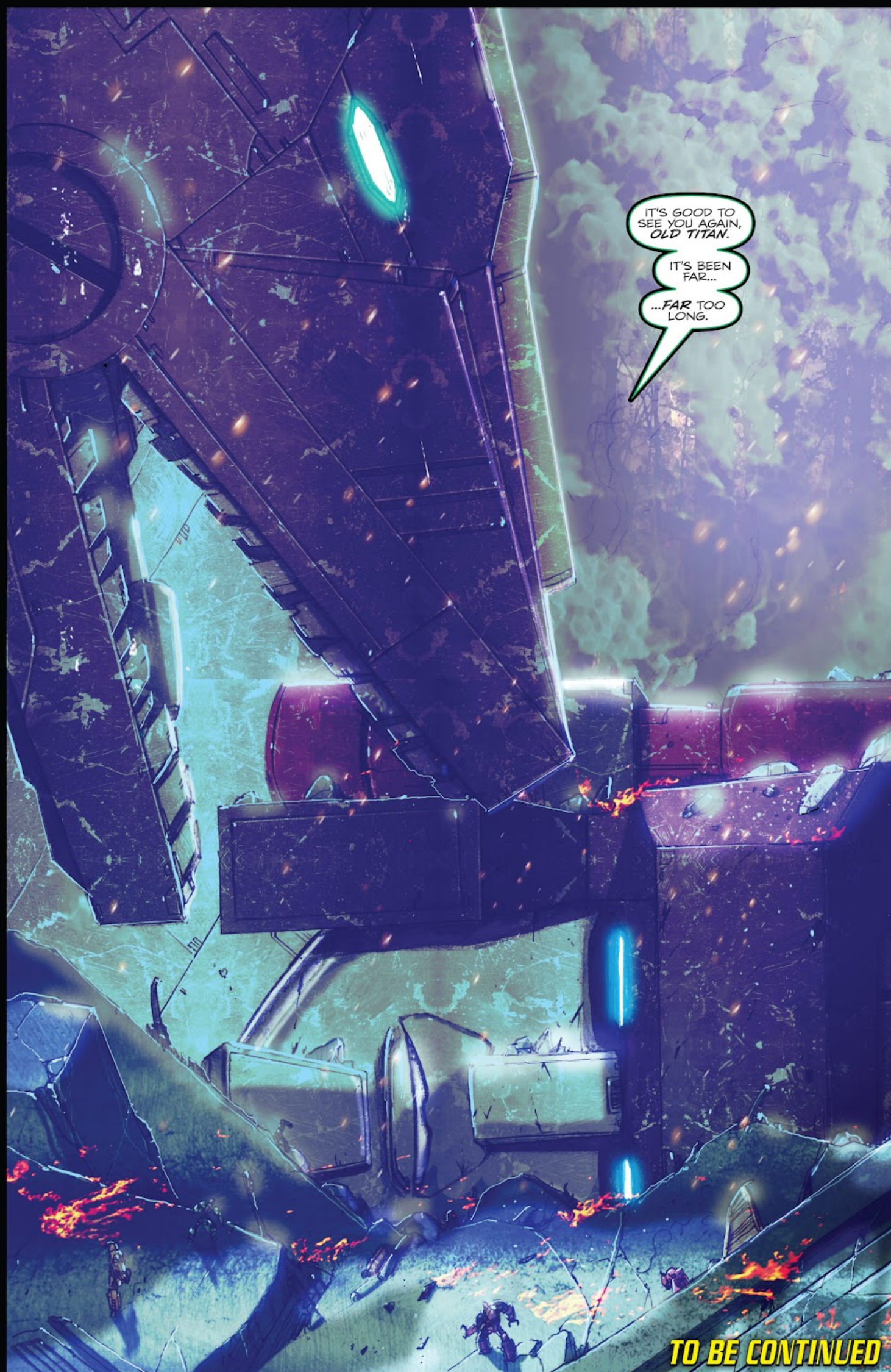












IT'S GOOD TO  
SEE YOU AGAIN,  
OLD TITAN.

IT'S BEEN  
FAR...

...FAR TOO  
LONG.

**TO BE CONTINUED**



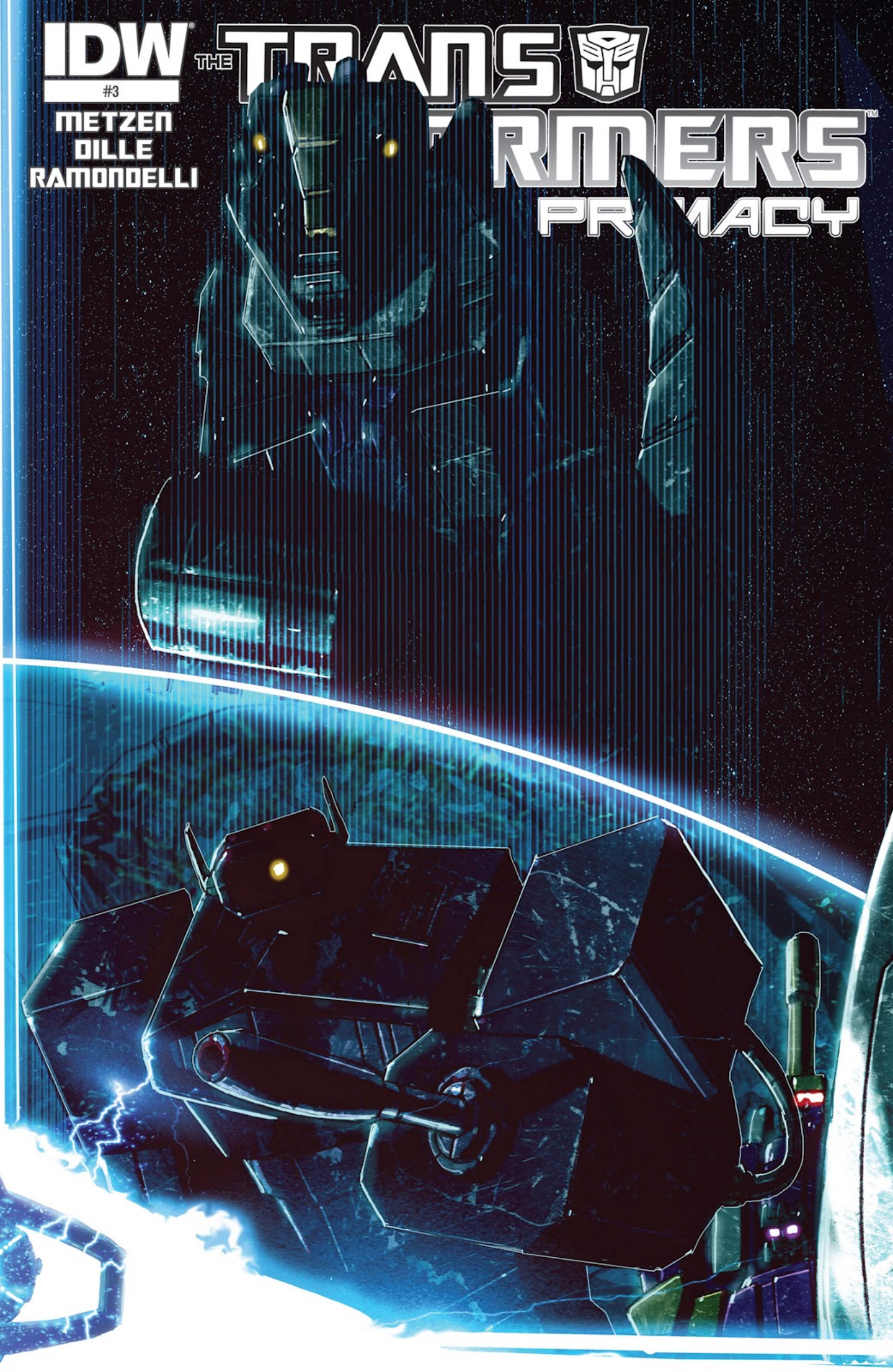
**IDW**  
#3

THE **TRANSFORMERS**



**METZEN  
DILLE  
RAMONDELLI**

**PRIMACY**





In the early days of the war for Cybertron...  
Megatron reunites the remnants of his Decepticon army  
and strikes against Optimus Prime's Autobot forces--and  
leading the charge is the mammoth Decepticon Trypticon  
battling the Autobot Titan Metroplex!

# THE TRANSFORMERS FORMERS PRIMACY

## PRIMACY #3

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IACON. CITY CENTER.

BWAAAAAHHHHH

GIANTS.

COLOSSAL DEMIGODS OF *STEEL* AND RAGE. THE THUNDERING SHOCKWAVES FROM THEIR BLOWS ARE FELT EVEN IN THE MOST DISTANT *TORUS-STATES*.

THEIR MELEE AS *HORRIFIC* AS IT IS DEVASTATING.

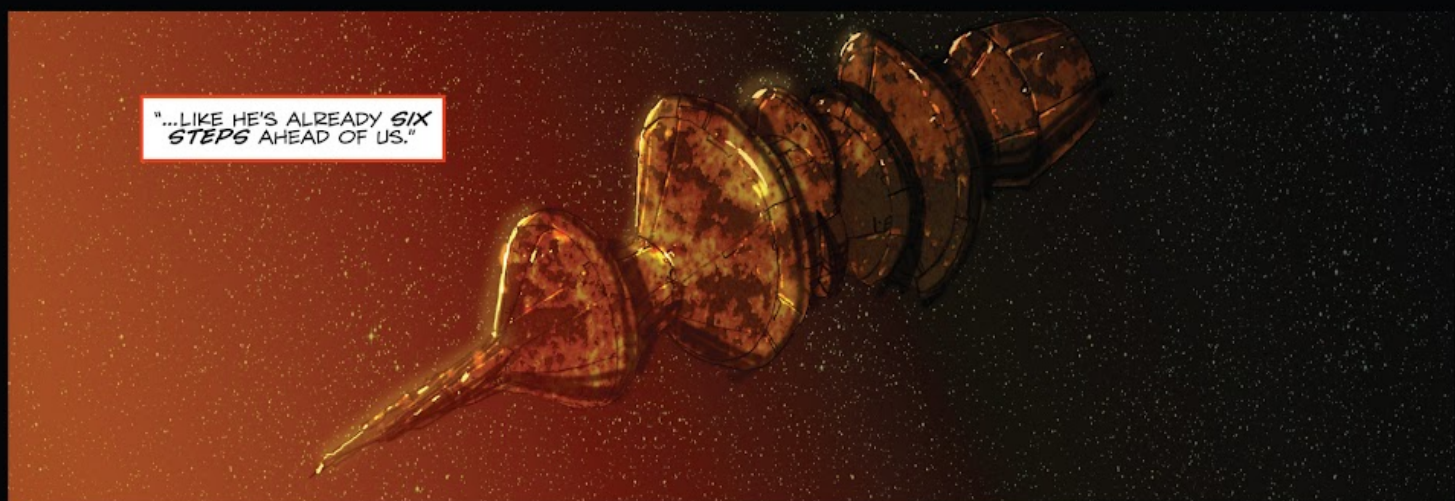
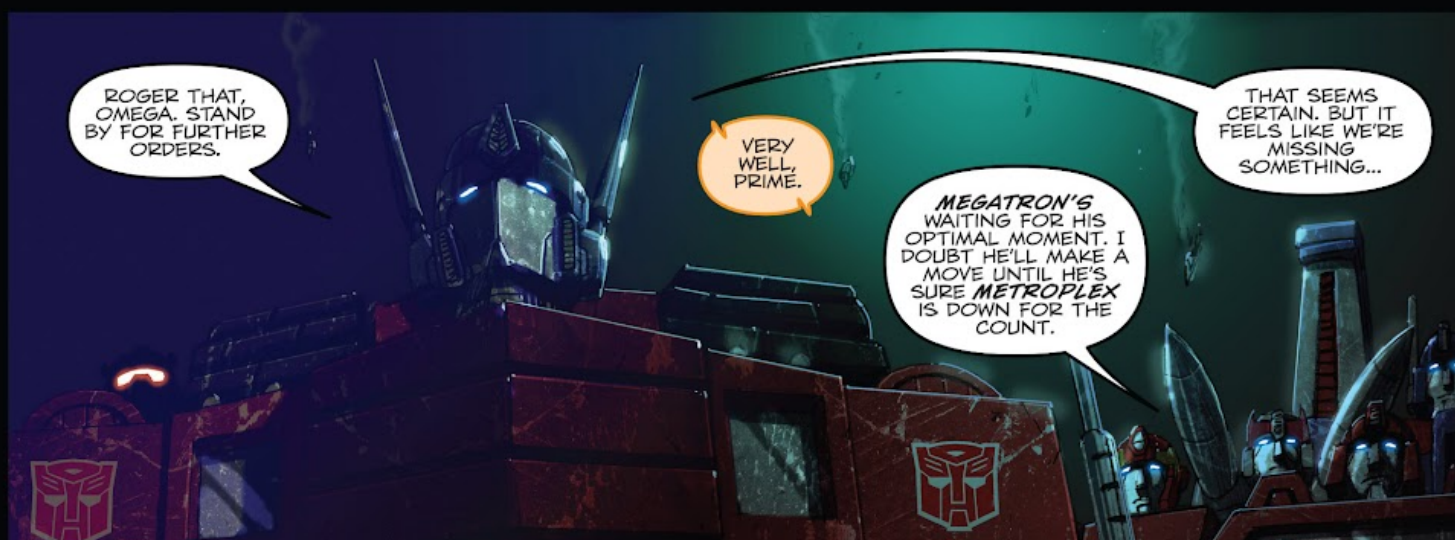
AND IT WAS ALL JUST BEGINNING.



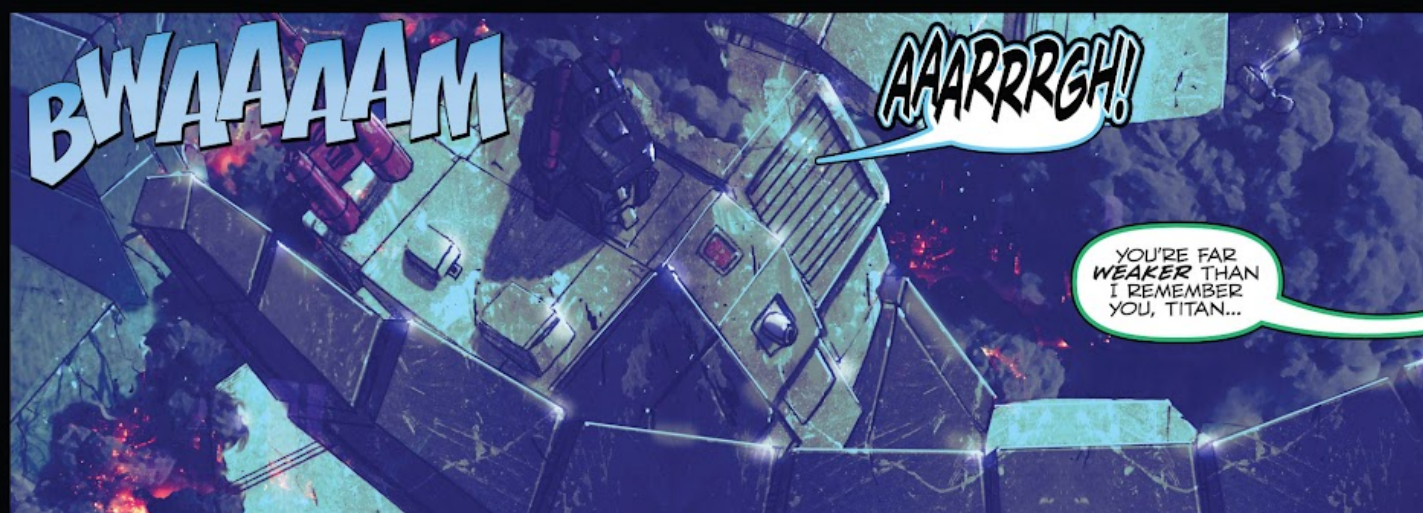




**BELOW:**





























**MOMENTS LATER, WITHIN THE JUNKION SHIP.**

TRYPTICON DID WELL. NOW THE STAGE IS SET. THERE IS NOTHING TO STOP US NOW.

DECEPTICONS, READY YOURSELVES FOR BATTLE. GIVE NO QUARTER.

A QUESTION, LORD MEGATRON. WHEN WE HIT THE GROUND, WHAT ARE OUR TARGET PRIORITIES?

YOUR PRIORITY, MOTORMASTER... IS TO KILL EVERYTHING THAT MOVES.

**IACON, AUTOBOT COMMAND BUNKER.**

WHAT IN PRIMUS' NAME IS THAT THING?

A... SHIP OF SOME KIND. WITH ALL THE INTERFERENCE WE COULDN'T TRACK ITS DESCENT.

WHAT'S THE STATUS ON METROPLEX?!

HE'S OFF-LINE, PRIME. I'M NOT GETTING ANY READINGS FROM HIM AT ALL. IT... DOESN'T LOOK GOOD.

...AT LEAST HE TOOK CARE OF TRYPTICON. IF THE DECEPTICONS ATTACK WITH CONVENTIONAL INFANTRY, WE SHOULD HAVE THE STRENGTH OF NUMBERS TO REPEL THEM.

PERHAPS. MEGATRON'S MADE ALL THE MOVES SO FAR, BUT I DOUBT HE'D TRY TO TAKE THE FIELD IF HE WAS OUTNUMBERED.

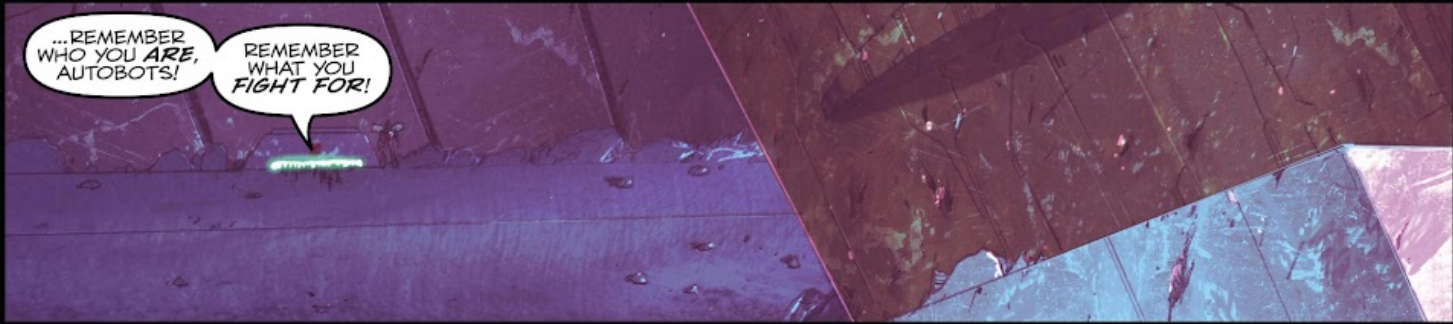
ALL THE PIECES ARE SET... THE MOMENT IS NOW.

LET IACON BURN.

WHATEVER UNFOLDS...

...WE MUST PROTECT THE CITY AT ALL COSTS!



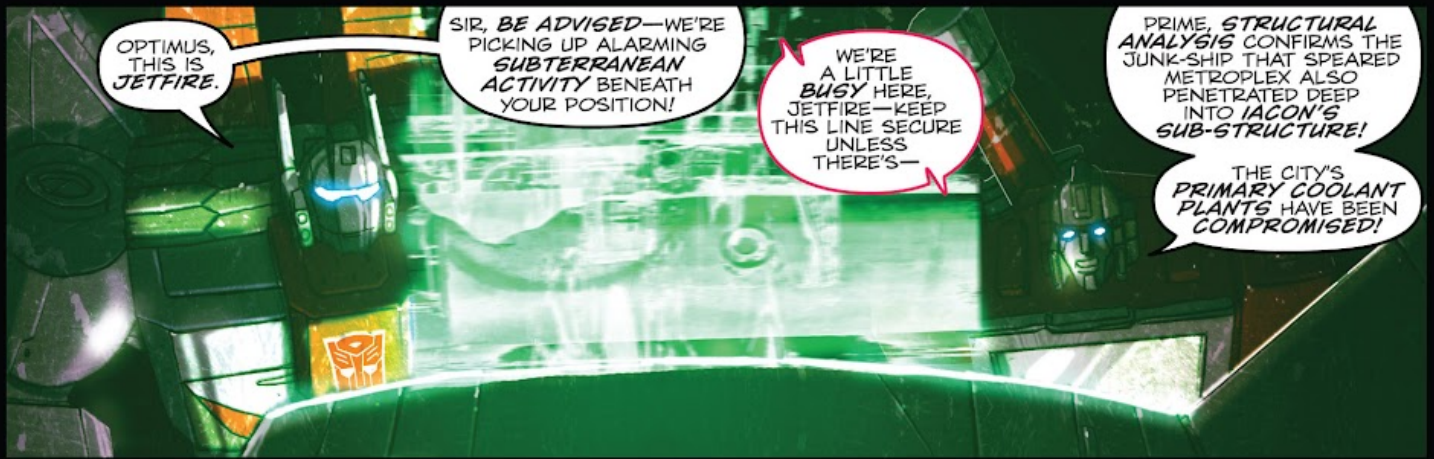








## AUTOBOT COMMAND BUNKER.



OPTIMUS,  
THIS IS  
**JETFIRE.**

SIR, **BE ADVISED**—WE'RE  
PICKING UP ALARMING  
**SUBTERRANEAN**  
**ACTIVITY** BENEATH  
YOUR POSITION!

WE'RE  
A LITTLE  
**BUSY** HERE,  
JETFIRE—KEEP  
THIS LINE SECURE  
UNLESS  
THERE'S—

PRIME, **STRUCTURAL**  
**ANALYSIS** CONFIRMS THE  
JUNK-SHIP THAT SPEARED  
METROPLEX ALSO  
PENETRATED DEEP  
INTO **IACON'S**  
**SUB-STRUCTURE!**

THE CITY'S  
**PRIMARY COOLANT**  
**PLANTS** HAVE BEEN  
**COMPROMISED!**



**GAAARGH!**

GET TO THE  
POINT,  
**PERCEPTOR!**



SIR, THE  
SUB-STRUCTURE  
IS SUFFERING  
MASSIVE FLOODING  
OF VOLATILE,  
UNPROCESSED  
**COOLANT!**

YOU HAVE ONLY  
**MINUTES** UNTIL  
THE CITY CENTER  
IS **FLOODED**  
AS WELL!



ROGER  
THAT.

ONE MORE THING,  
PERCEPTOR... WHAT HAPPENS  
WHEN THE COOLANT IS EXPOSED  
TO THIS **ION-CHARGED**  
**ATMOSPHERE?**



**WEEEEESSSHHHH**

WELL, SIR,  
I CAN ONLY  
THEORIZE AT  
THIS POINT...



# KAAAAA-SHAAAAAAA

BUT THE  
RESULTANT MIX  
COULD PRODUCE A  
CATASTROPHIC  
ENVIRONMENTAL CHAIN  
REACTION...

...DENSE  
CORROSIVE MIST,  
HYPER-IRRADIATED  
PARTICULATES IN  
THE WIND...

HIGHLY-  
CONCENTRATED  
ACID RAIN?

YES, SIR—THAT  
IS A FORESEEABLE  
POTENTIALITY.

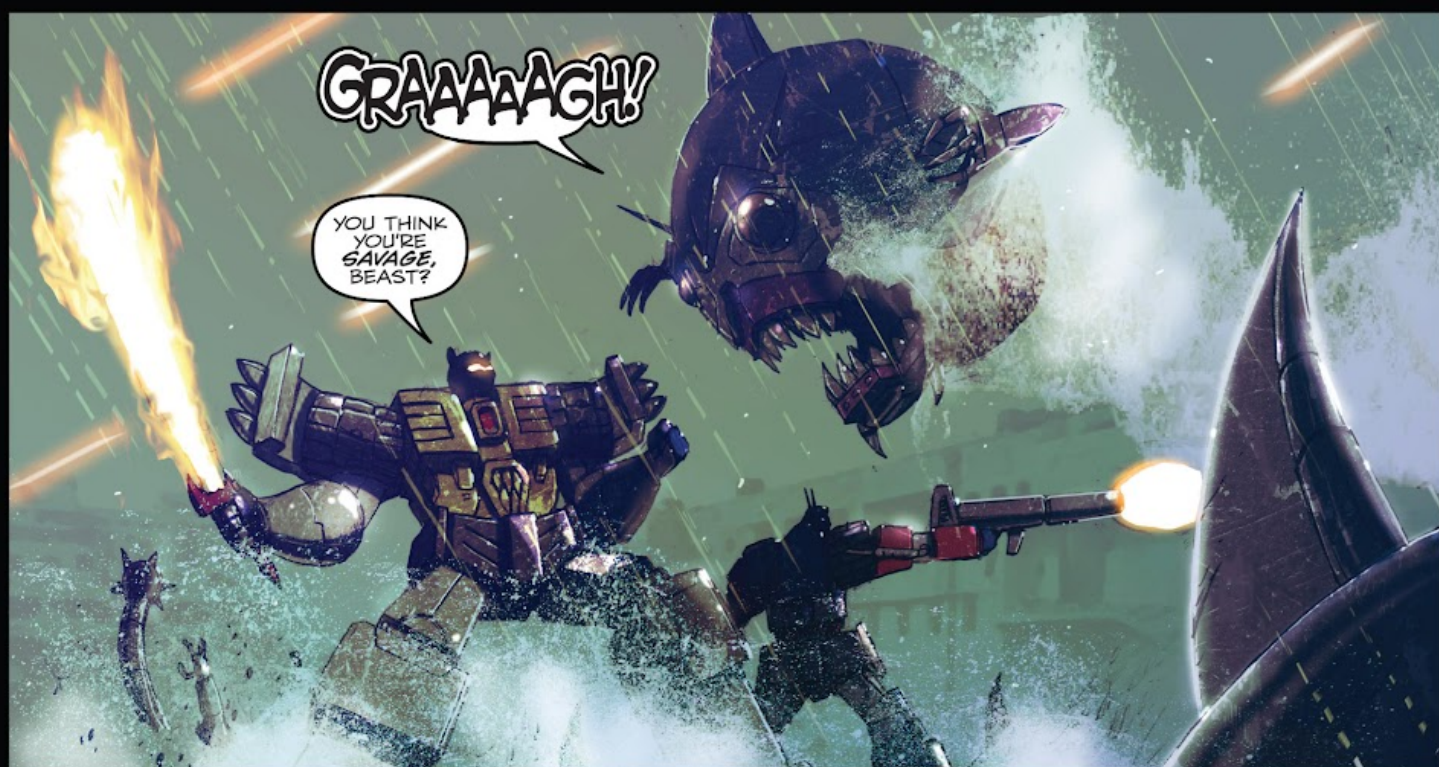
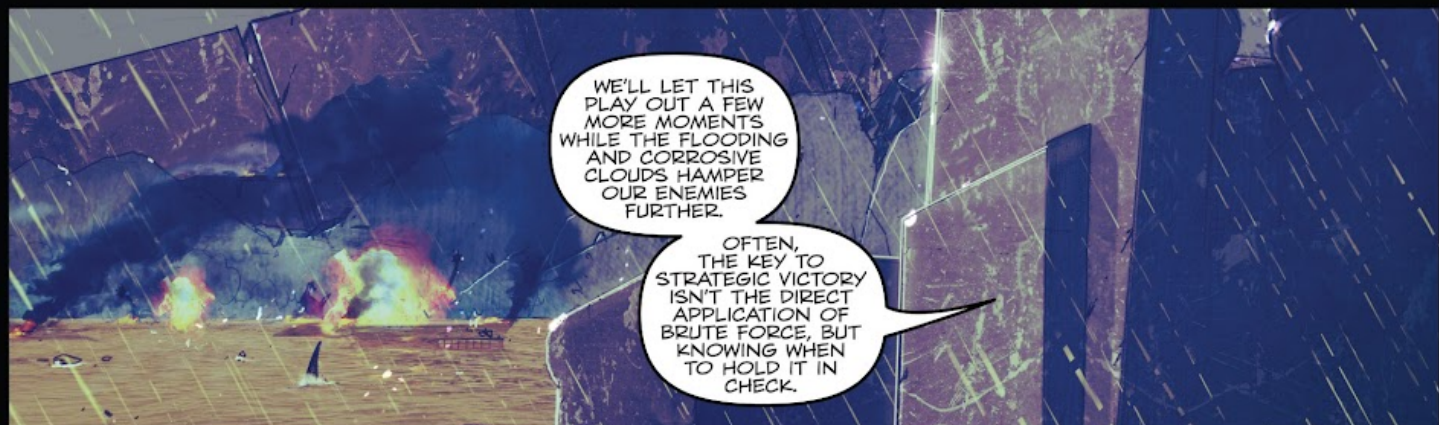
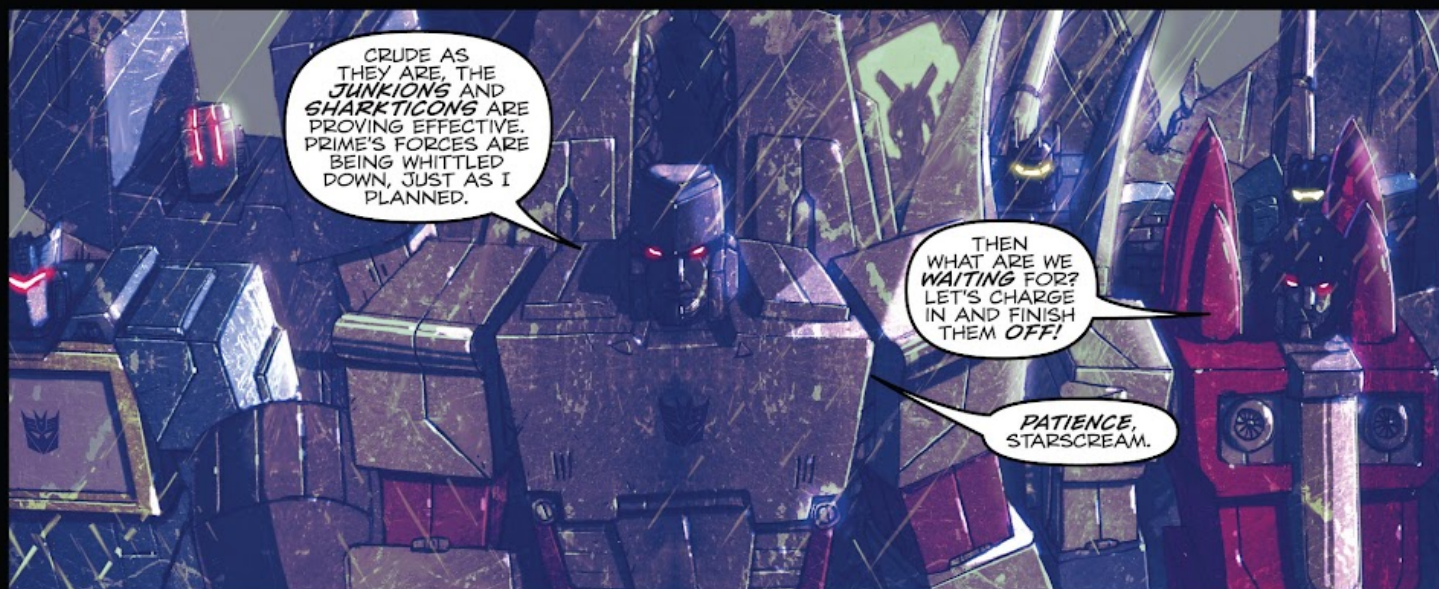
CLEVER,  
MEGATRON...  
IT'S AS IF  
YOU'VE CREATED  
THE PERFECT  
HABITAT  
FOR—

SOMETHIN'S  
MOVIN' IN THE  
FLOOD  
WATERS!

GREAT!  
MORE  
FRIENDS  
TO THE  
PARTY...

THOSE  
JUNK-ZOMBIES  
WERE JUST A  
FEINT! DEFEND  
YOURSELVES,  
AUTOBOTS!









...I'LL  
SHOW YOU  
SAVAGE!



YEEAAARGH!

IT'S GOT  
ME! IT'S  
GOT-



OPTIMUS, THERE'S  
TOO MANY OF THEM!  
FIGHTING THESE THINGS  
HAND TO HAND  
ISN'T GETTING US  
ANYWHERE!

WHAT, THIS  
FIGHT **TOO**  
**MUCH** FOR  
YOU, BOY?

ENOUGH,  
**BOTH** OF  
YOU!

DON'T YOU  
SEE—IT'S LOYALTY  
AND HONOR THAT BIND  
US TOGETHER! THAT'S  
THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN  
**US** AND OUR ENEMIES!



"FOR ALL HIS **VISION**,  
MEGATRON'S FOLLOWERS  
ARE MOTIVATED ONLY  
BY MISTRUST..."



"...FEAR..."



"...OR BLIND OBEDIENCE."



WE... WILL  
STAND FOR ONE  
ANOTHER.

NOW—AUTOBOTS,  
LAY DOWN FULL  
SUPPRESSIVE FIRE  
AT THE SECOND  
WAVE!

WE READ YOU,  
OPTIMUS!

**SHOOM**

**SHOOM**

**SHOOM**

**CHAA-  
CHA-KOOOM!**

THAT DID IT,  
PRIME! SECOND  
WAVE'S FALLING  
BACK!

LOOKS LIKE  
WE BOUGHT  
OURSELVES SOME  
BREATHING  
ROOM!

A CLEVER  
MANEUVER,  
PRIME... BUT NOT  
UNANTICIPATED.

ASSAULT  
TEAMS—PREPARE TO  
STRIKE AT THEIR CENTRAL  
POSITION! ARMORED  
UNITS—ENCIRCLE THE  
FIELD AND LOCK YOUR  
ORDNANCE UPON  
TARGET ALPHA!

MOVING INTO  
POSITION, LORD  
MEGATRON!

DO NOT  
ENGAGE **TARGET  
ALPHA** UNTIL I GIVE  
THE ORDER. IS THAT  
UNDERSTOOD?

LOUD  
AND CLEAR,  
SIR!







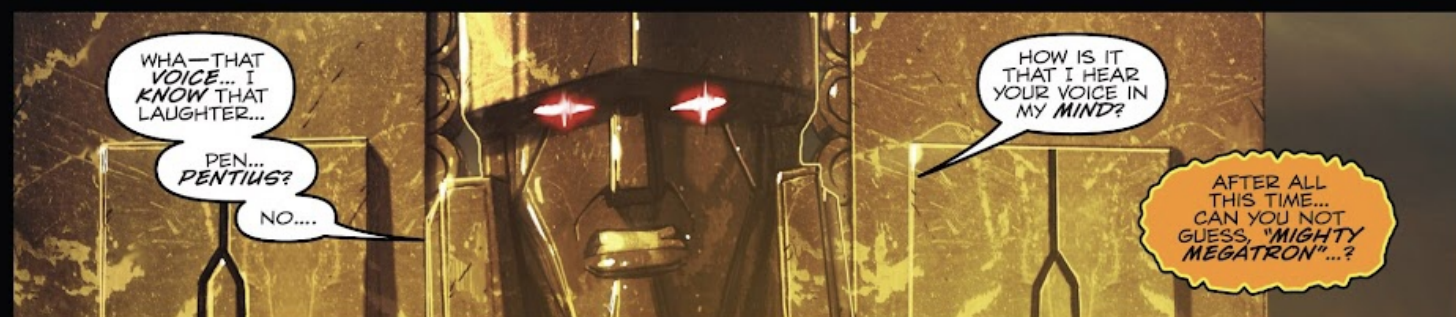
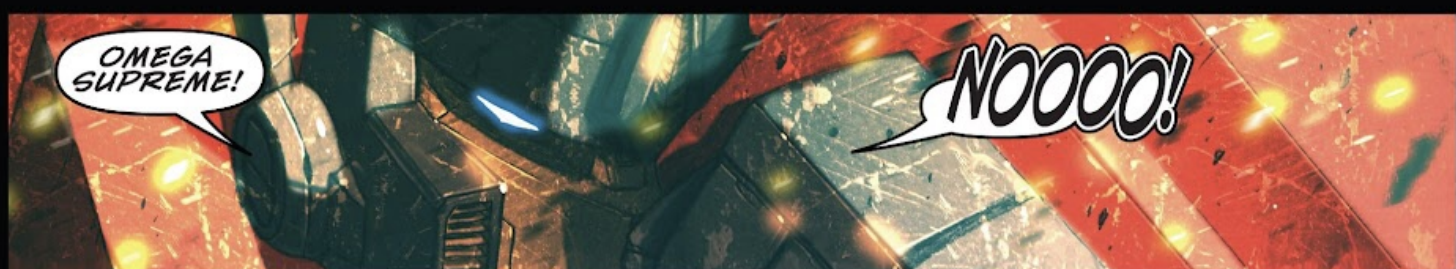
## AT THE BATTLE'S EDGE.













HAHAHAHAHAHA

FOOLISH  
LITTLE  
CONQUEROR.

I LIVE... WITHIN  
THE REMNANTS OF  
YOUR *HOLLOW*  
*SPARK*. I AM A  
PART OF YOU.

AND  
THROUGH  
YOU...

...I WILL  
DEVOUR...

...YOUR  
PRECIOUS  
*CYBERTRON*.



**TO BE CONTINUED**



**IDW**  
#4

THE **TRANS**



**METZEN  
DILLE  
RAMONDELLI**

**FORMERS**

**PRIMACY**





# THE TRANSFORMERS FORMERS PRIMACY

In the early days of the war for Cybertron... Megatron's Decepticon army strikes against Optimus Prime's Autobots. The mammoth Trypticon and Metroplex battle... as both giants fall. Megatron makes a final push. Doused with acid rain and under fire from the air, the Autobots watch helplessly as Omega Supreme burns. All seems lost for the Autobots... until Megatron hears the voice of the creature called Pentius, who once lent Megatron his dark power...

## PRIMACY #4

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**IACON CITY CENTER.  
THE EYE OF THE STORM.**







SKYWARD  
REPORTING! WE'RE  
COMMENCING OUR  
ATTACK, BUT WE'RE  
IN **BAD SHAPE!**

STATUS:  
**CLARIFICATION  
REQUIRED.**

OUR  
INSTRUMENTS ARE  
GOING **HAYWIRE** ALL  
OF A SUDDEN—AND WE'RE  
IN DANGER OF **ENGINE  
BURNOUT!**

**PLEASE  
ADVISE!**



HYPOTHESIS:  
**HYPER-ACIDIC  
ATMOSPHERE**  
RELEASED BY  
MEGATRON NOW  
CORRODING YOUR  
**MANIFOLDS** AT  
ACCELERATED  
RATE.

TACTICAL  
RECOMMENDATION:  
**ABORT ATTACK!**

I DON'T THINK  
WE'RE GONNA  
GET THE CHANCE,  
SOUNDWAVE!



**ENGINES  
ARE CUTTIN'  
OUT!**

HEADS UP,  
FELLAS—WE'RE  
**DROPPING  
FAST!**



OH,  
YOU'VE  
GOT TO BE  
**KIDDING**  
M—





AT THAT MOMENT.

THE ENEMY IS SURPRISED AND IN DISARRAY. IT'S TIME WE SEIZED THE INITIATIVE!

TRAILBREAKER'S FORCE-SHIELD PROTECTED US FROM THE DECEPTICONS' BOMBARDMENT! THIS IS WHERE WE PUSH BACK!

OMEGA SUPREME, ARE YOU FIT FOR DUTY?

MERELY SINGED, OPTIMUS.

I RETURNED WITH YOU TO PERFORM MY FUNCTION—TO FIGHT FOR MY PEOPLE.

THAT IS WHAT I WILL DO.

VERY WELL, THEN...

LOOK! THROUGH THE SMOKE—THE AUTOBOTS ARE REGROUPING!

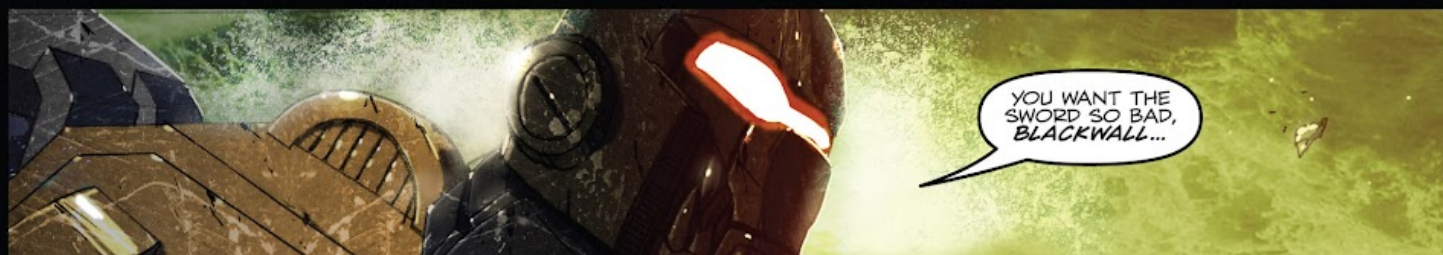
THE PRIME... ANTICIPATED THIS. HE DREW US OUT AND NOW...

...AUTOBOTS, ATTACK!

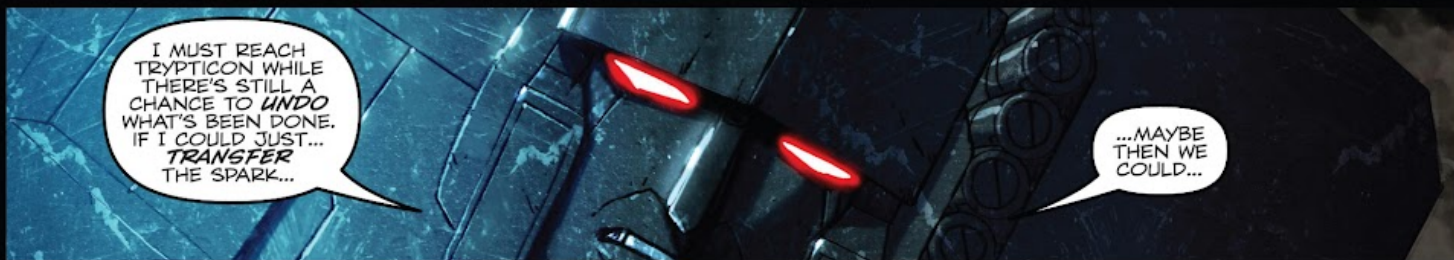














**ELSEWHERE.**

PRIME, THIS IS **HOT ROD!** THE EASTERN GRID'S COLLAPSING AND THERE'S MORE DECEPTICONS BEARING DOWN ON OUR POSITION!

WE NEED IMMEDIATE REINFORCEMENTS!

REPEAT AGAIN, HOT ROD! SIGNAL'S BREAKING UP!

I SAID, WE NEED IMMEDIATE—**UNF!**

**KRRRONG**

WELL *WELL!* HOT ROD OF NYON!

MAN, KILLING *YOU'S* REALLY GONNA PUT ME ON THE MAP!

ONSLAUGHT—

**KWAAAAAM**

NO MORE GRUNT WORK FOR ME! I MAY EVEN HAVE A SHOT AT JOINING DECEPTICON HIGH COMMAND AFTER THI—

**TZZAAT**

GAAARGH!

SLINGER!

WHAT? YOU TOOK HIM OUT JUST SO YOU COULD BE THE ONE TO END ME?

NO. I WAS *WRONG*, HOT ROD. ABOUT *EVERYTHING*. TAKE A LOOK AROUND...

AUTOBOTS... DECEPTICONS... IT'S ALL BROKEN.

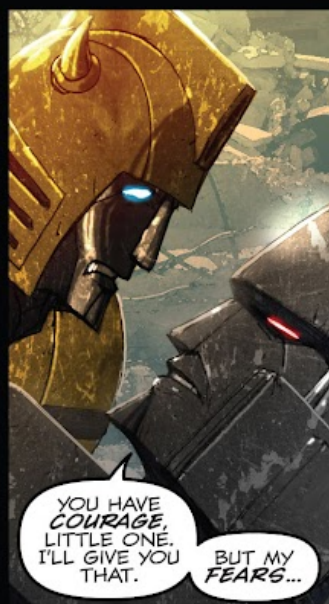
EVERYTHING'S JUST... BROKEN.

NO...

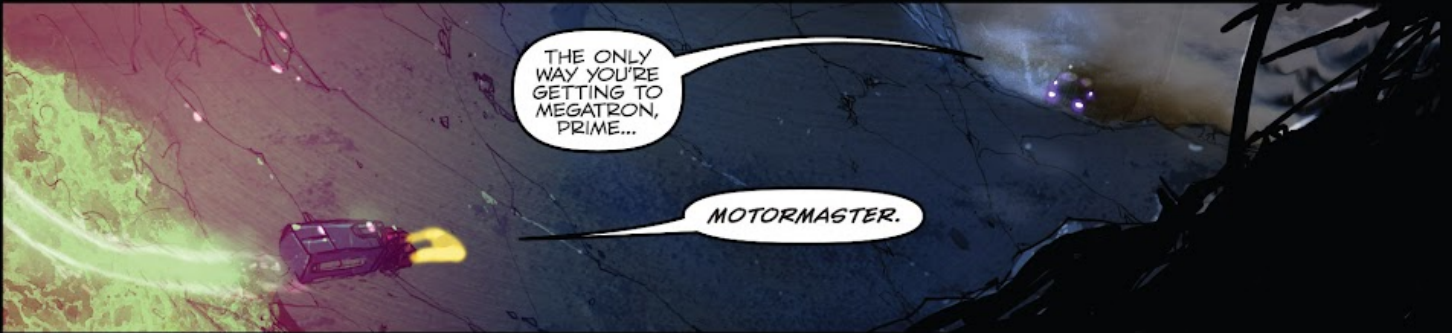


















AT THE EASTERN GRID.

I CAN  
SMELL THE  
FEAR ON THIS  
AUTOBOT.

HE'LL TASTE  
SWEET—LIKE  
**MOLTEN**  
**STEEL**. FIRST  
BITE'S MINE.

IT WON'T BE  
THAT EASY,  
PREDACON.

I THINK  
THEY ALMOST  
BELIEVED  
YA, KID.

GRIMLOCK?

JUST A  
THOUGHT—  
BUT NEXT TIME  
SOMEONE'S TRYIN'  
TO KILL YOU, USE  
YOUR BIG-BOY  
VOICE.

THANKS, I'LL  
REMEMBER  
THAT.

DYNOBOTS!

FINALLY,  
SOMEONE  
WORTHY OF  
THE KILL!





**ATOP THE  
HEAD OF  
TRYPTICON.**

I DON'T  
KNOW WHAT YOU'RE  
SEARCHING FOR HERE,  
MEGATRON...



...BUT YOU'VE  
GONE AS FAR AS  
YOU'RE GOING  
TO GO.

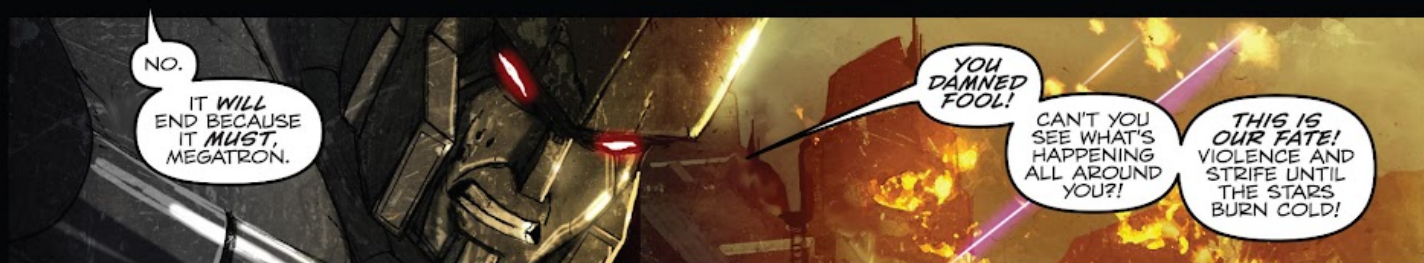
YOU'VE BROUGHT  
ENOUGH *MISERY*  
AND *DESTRUCTION*  
TO THIS WORLD.



YOU SPEAK OF  
*DESTRUCTION*,  
PRIME... BUT YOU HAVE  
NO CONCEPTION OF  
THE TRUTH.

THE MADNESS...  
THE CARNAGE THAT'S  
BEEN UNLEASHED—IT  
WON'T END *HERE*. IT  
WILL ECHO OUT FROM  
*CYBERTRON*—RAVAGING  
COUNTLESS OTHER  
WORLDS ACROSS THE  
MILLENNIA.

THIS WAR  
BETWEEN US...  
IT *WILL NEVER*  
END.



NO.

IT *WILL*  
END BECAUSE  
IT *MUST*,  
MEGATRON.

YOU  
DAMNED  
FOOL!

CAN'T YOU  
SEE WHAT'S  
HAPPENING  
ALL AROUND  
YOU?!

*THIS IS*  
*OUR FATE!*  
VIOLENCE AND  
STRIFE UNTIL  
THE STARS  
BURN COLD!



NOT WHILE I  
FUNCTION.

HELP ME  
STOP THIS,  
MEGATRON. OUR  
STORY DOESN'T  
HAVE TO END  
THIS WAY.







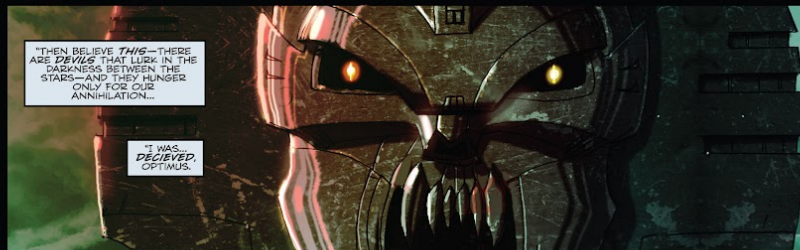
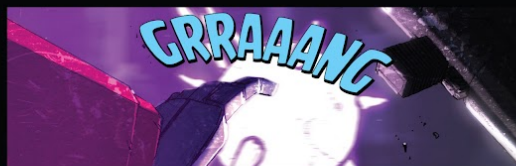
OF COURSE IT DOES!

I TRIED TO CREATE A BETTER WORLD, PRIME...



GAH!

SHREEENG





"I... I STOLE A **POWER** I COULD NOT CONTROL... AND NOW IT WILL DEVOUR EVERYTHING WE EVER HELD DEAR. THERE IS NO HOPE FOR **ANY** OF US."



"YOU'RE **WRONG**."

"WHATEVER IT IS YOU'VE SET IN MOTION—**NOTHING** IS INSURMOUNTABLE."

"YES, FEAR MAY GRIP US—AND THE HEAVENS THEMSELVES MAY COME CRASHING DOWN UPON OUR HEADS—

"—BUT THE **BRAVE** FIGHT ON!"

"WE WILL NOT BE BOWED. WE WILL NOT SUCCUMB TO THE COLD ABYSS OF DEFEAT."

"AS LONG AS WE STAND TOGETHER—

"—FIGHT **FOR** ONE ANOTHER—

"—WE WILL **NEVER** LOSE **HOPE!**"

**AT THAT MOMENT—THE EASTERN GRID.**

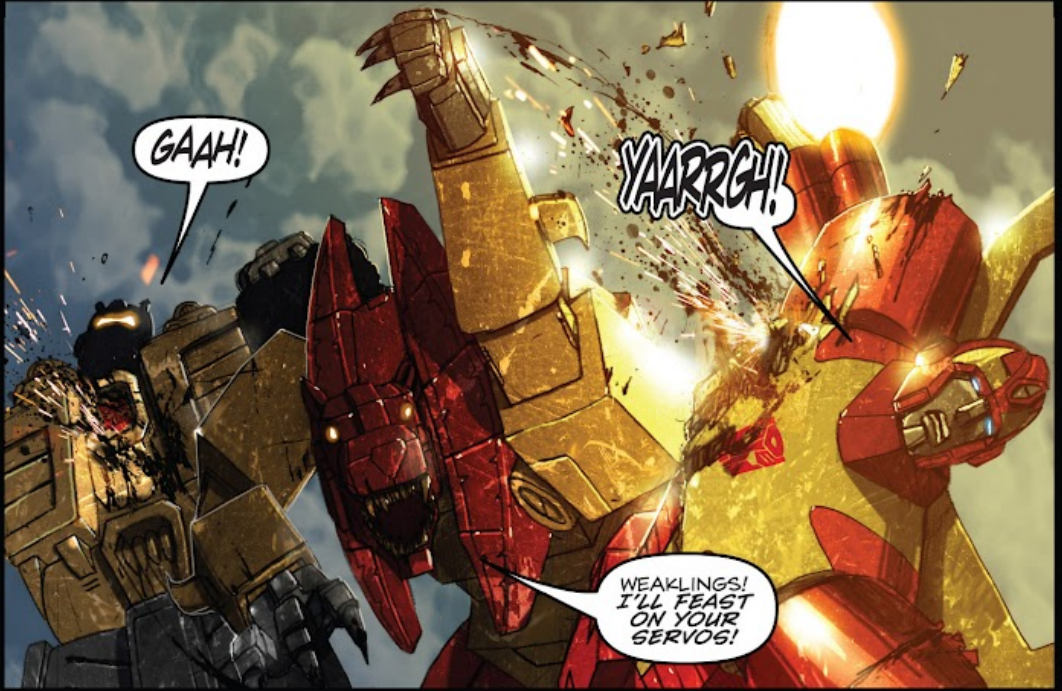
**RAAAARRGH!!**

HANG IN THERE, GRIMLOCK!

WE'LL TAKE HIM TOGETHER!

WHATEVER YOU'RE GONNA DO, KID...







ATOP TRYPTICON.

SHROOONNG

AAARGH!

THIS... WILL  
BE OUR DANCE,  
OPTIMUS...

...BATTERING  
AWAY AT EACH  
OTHER FOR THE  
NEXT FEW MILLION  
YEARS...

...UNLESS...

BWAAAAAAM

...YOU  
CAN KILL  
ME!

I DON'T  
WANT TO HAVE  
TO KILL YOU,  
MEGATRON.

YOU STOOD FOR  
JUSTICE ONCE. YOUR  
PRINCIPLES INSPIRED US TO  
OVERTHROW CORRUPTION  
AND FIGHT FOR A  
BETTER WORLD.

YOU LOST  
YOUR WAY.  
BUT YOU CAN  
STILL BE THE  
LEADER YOU  
WERE MEANT  
TO BE.

HELP ME  
DESTROY THIS  
EVIL YOU'VE  
UNLEASHED!

IT... CANNOT  
BE DESTROYED,  
OPTIMUS.

IT IS A...  
MALIGNANT SPARK.  
ITS POWER IS BEYOND  
MEASURE—RESTORING  
EVEN TRYPTICON TO LIFE.  
AND NOW... IT DEVOURS  
ME FROM WITHIN.

THIS ANCIENT  
MALEVOLENCE...  
FUSED TO MY  
CIRCUITS...

IT'S... INSIDE  
YOU...

IT'S VICIOUS  
LAUGHTER  
ECHOING OVER  
AND OVER IN  
MY MIND...

...TO SAVE  
CYBERTRON...  
THERE IS ONLY  
ONE WAY THIS  
CAN END.





NO.

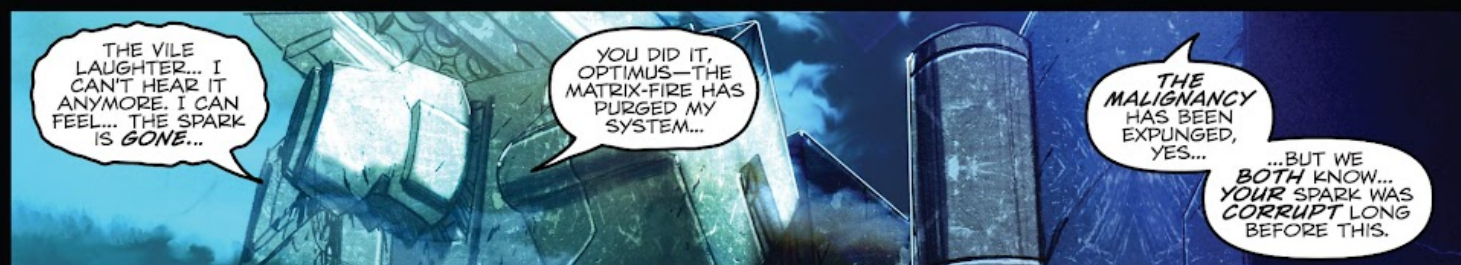
IF I'VE  
LEARNED  
ANYTHING FROM  
CARRYING THE  
**MATRIX**—FROM  
BEING PRIME—IT'S  
THAT THERE  
IS **ALWAYS**  
A WAY.



IF IT'S  
**DARKNESS**  
THAT'S  
CONSUMED  
YOU...



...THEN LET  
THERE BE  
**LIGHT.**

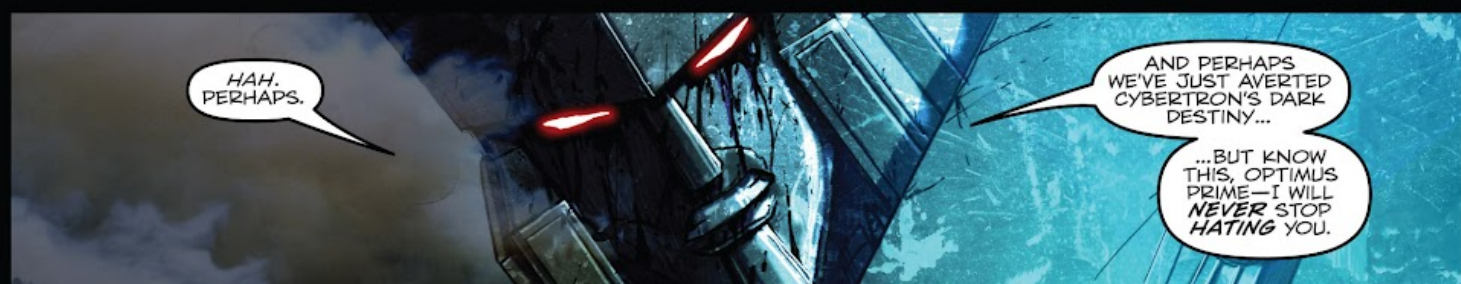


THE VILE  
LAUGHTER... I  
CAN'T HEAR IT  
ANYMORE. I CAN  
FEEL... THE SPARK  
IS **GONE**...

YOU DID IT,  
OPTIMUS—THE  
MATRIX-FIRE HAS  
PURGED MY  
SYSTEM...

THE  
MALIGNANCY  
HAS BEEN  
EXPUNGED,  
YES...

...BUT WE  
**BOTH** KNOW...  
YOUR SPARK WAS  
CORRUPT LONG  
BEFORE THIS.



HAH.  
PERHAPS.

AND PERHAPS  
WE'VE JUST AVERTED  
CYBERTRON'S DARK  
DESTINY...

...BUT KNOW  
THIS, OPTIMUS  
PRIME—I WILL  
**NEVER** STOP  
HATING YOU.





## MOMENTS LATER.

A PRIORITY-ONE TRANSMISSION BEAMS OUT ACROSS THE RAVAGED BATTLESCAPE...

AUTOBOTS.

DECEPTICONS.

THIS BATTLE IS OVER.

WE HAVE ALL SUFFERED. WE HAVE ALL LOST COMRADES TO THIS MADNESS. IT IS TIME TO LAY DOWN YOUR ARMS—AND STAND DOWN.

LOOK AROUND AT THIS RUINED CITY—ONCE THE SHINING HEART OF OUR CIVILIZATION—AND SEE THE TERRIBLE COST OF WAR.

FOR ALL OUR GREAT ASPIRATIONS AND PRINCIPLES, I DO NOT SEE "ORDER" OR "JUSTICE" AMIDST THE WRECKAGE. ALL I SEE IS LOSS.

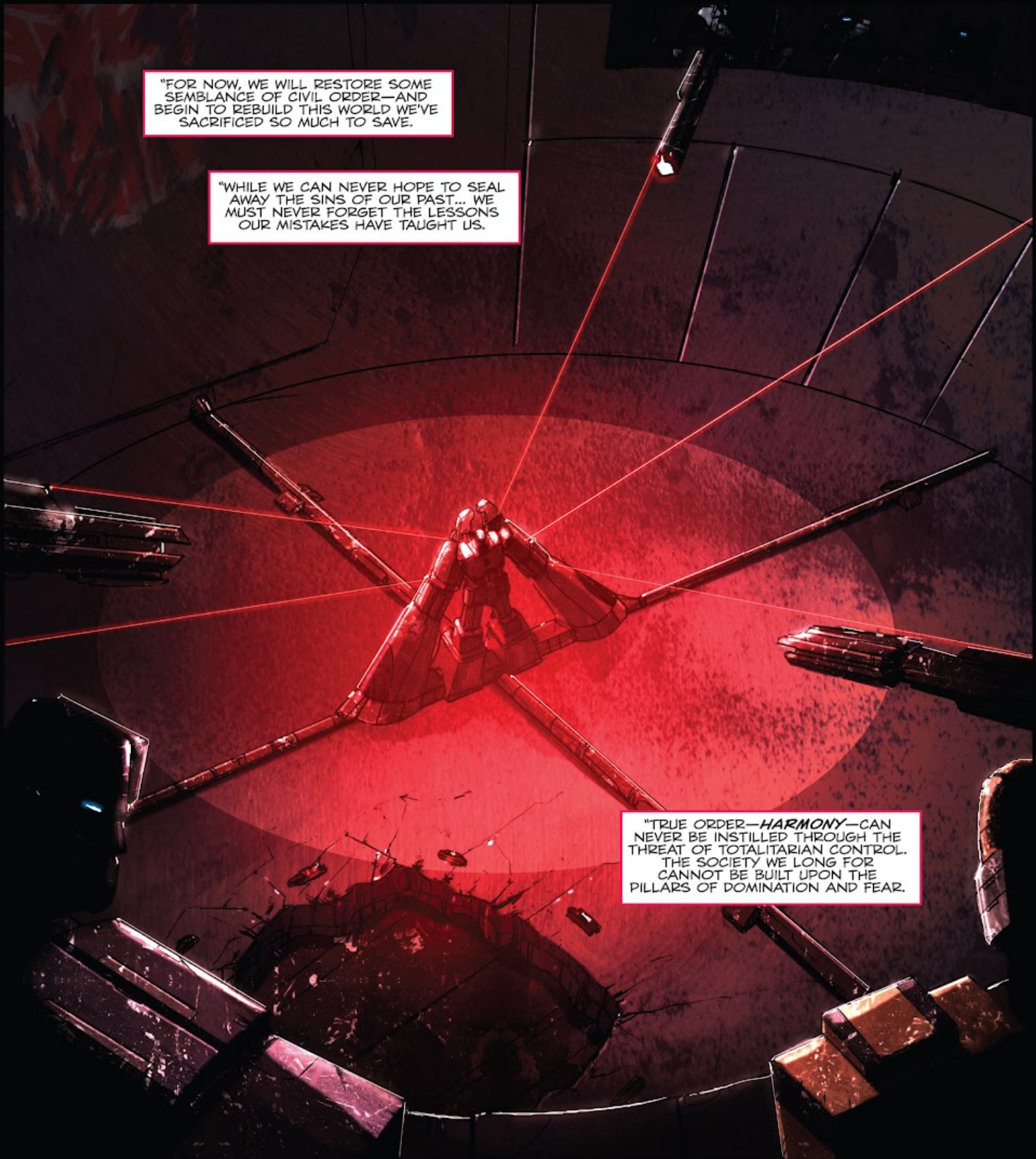
AND I HAVE HAD ENOUGH OF IT.

MEGATRON AND HIS FOLLOWERS WILL FACE THE CONSEQUENCES OF THEIR ACTIONS.

MAKE NO MISTAKE—THERE WILL BE A RECKONING.



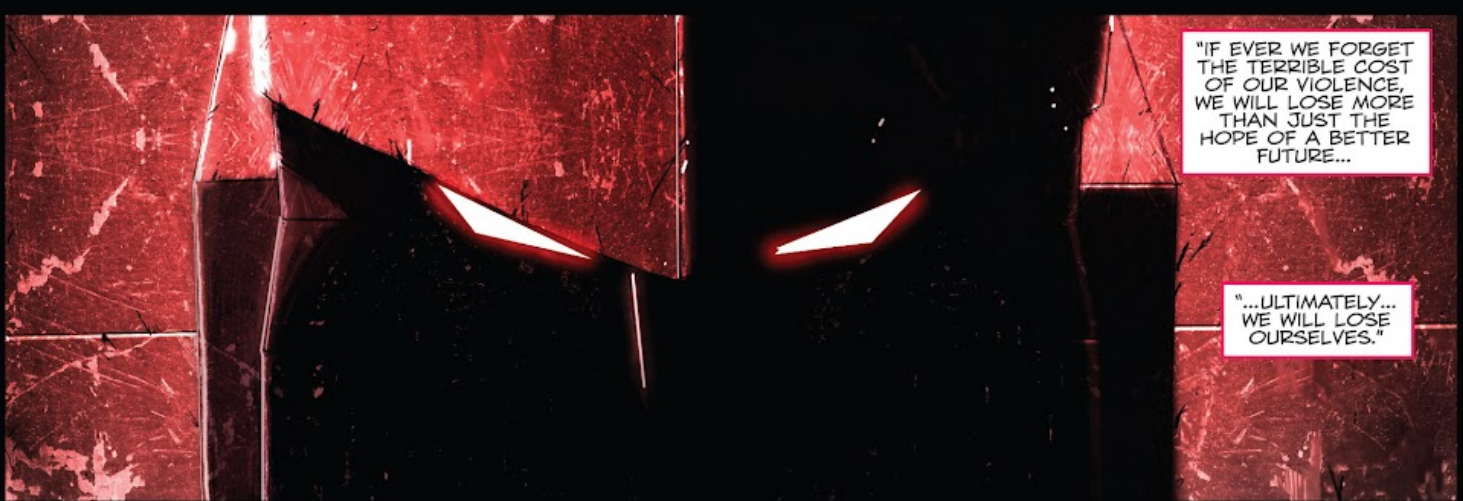




"FOR NOW, WE WILL RESTORE SOME  
SEMBLANCE OF CIVIL ORDER—AND  
BEGIN TO REBUILD THIS WORLD WE'VE  
SACRIFICED SO MUCH TO SAVE.

"WHILE WE CAN NEVER HOPE TO SEAL  
AWAY THE SINS OF OUR PAST... WE  
MUST NEVER FORGET THE LESSONS  
OUR MISTAKES HAVE TAUGHT US.

"TRUE ORDER—*HARMONY*—CAN  
NEVER BE INSTILLED THROUGH THE  
THREAT OF TOTALITARIAN CONTROL.  
THE SOCIETY WE LONG FOR  
CANNOT BE BUILT UPON THE  
PILLARS OF DOMINATION AND FEAR.



"IF EVER WE FORGET  
THE TERRIBLE COST  
OF OUR VIOLENCE,  
WE WILL LOSE MORE  
THAN JUST THE  
HOPE OF A BETTER  
FUTURE...

"...ULTIMATELY...  
WE WILL LOSE  
OURSELVES."



## EPILOGUE.

ONCE, I WAS  
KNOWN AS  
*ORION PAX*.

I WAS AN  
*OFFICER*.

A *PEACEKEEPER*.

BUT I HAVE  
FOUND A  
NEW LIFE.

A NEW  
*CALLING*.

WITH THE POWER OF  
THE *MATRIX*  
COURSING WITHIN ME...

...I WILL STAND  
FOR MY PEOPLE...

...FOR ALL THOSE WHO  
CANNOT STAND FOR  
*THEMSELVES*.

WITH MY *AUTOBOTS*  
AT MY SIDE, I WILL  
FIGHT TO THE LAST.

FOR *FREEDOM*.  
FOR *JUSTICE*.

FOR  
*CYBERTRON*.

I... AM  
*OPTIMUS PRIME*.



AND MY STORY...  
IS ONLY JUST  
*BEGINNING*.